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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE widow had but only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
But day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's might—yes! so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Though friends were fewer:
And cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see,
Though cheerful and resign'd, still she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has—HE gave it tenderly—
Much faith—and carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK is known from one end of the country to the other as the senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which position he has occupied for thirty years, universally esteemed and respected by all who have known him, whether through the columns of the *Journal* or in private life. Few men have exerted so powerful an influence on the nation; yet there is no one more modest and unwilling to receive the reward of fame. That he has made at least two Presidents of the United States (Polk and Taylor) has been frequently said, and there is no room to doubt the fact; yet he is the last man to acknowledge it or to admit his own power in the political world.

Mr. Hallock is a man of rarely compounded character. Modest and retiring to a fault, loving only his own quiet ways, and finding the keenest pleasures in the privacy of a very small circle of friends, he has a mind of powerful cast, a clear and almost prophetic view of the state of the country and its political relations, a broad and comprehensive appreciation of men and events, a thorough knowledge of the world and the influences which sway its destinies, and a courage to do and to maintain the right at whatever sacrifice. Whatever men may think of his views, we have yet to see the man who ever dared impute to Gerard Hallock an interested motive or a want of sincerity. He was never known to do an act or write a line for the sake of fee or reward. This characteristic stands out in all his life, and it is this which has challenged and won for him the profound respect and esteem of his brother editors, and the universal confidence of the mercantile and political world. When men most abuse the *Journal of Commerce* for any position that paper has taken, then it is that they most tremble lest its position be the true one. "Gerard Hallock says so," has long been an end of discussion in New York among a large and influential portion of its citizens. It is this confidence in his integrity, this perfect reliance on his incorruptibility, which has given to Mr. Hallock the power for good or evil which he wields in the affairs of the country. He is not only a model editor, but he is a model man.

His life, if written, would fill a volume with the history of the progress of the age for the past thirty years. We can but outline its incidents; and we think this outline will prove one of the most interesting sketches with which we could enrich our columns.

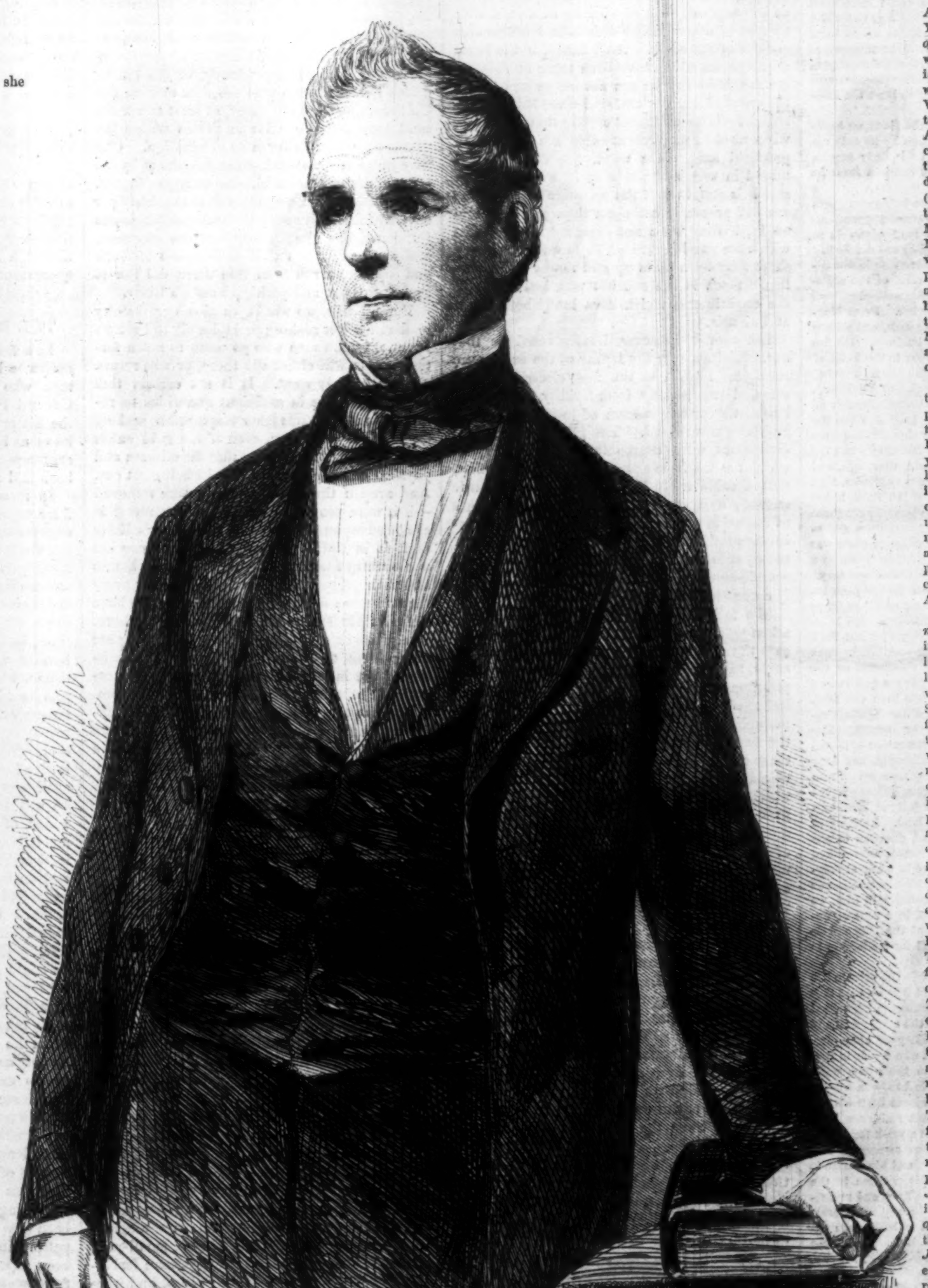
Gerard Hallock was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1800, and is, therefore, now fifty-eight years of age. His father, Rev. Moses Hallock, was one of those noble men whose praise is in all the country. A memoir of this most excellent divine is published by the American Tract Society. For more than forty years he broke the bread of life to the same people, in a holy and godly life. Having a salary of $200 per annum and a small farm, he added to his means by teaching; and it is worthy of remark in this day, that the price for tuition, board, fuel, lights, and sundries, which he received from his pupils, was but $1 33 per week. On these means, however, he supported his family comfortably, and gave three of his four sons a college education. Two of them were in Williams College at the same time, namely, Gerard and the brother who is now so well known as the Rev. Dr. Hallock, of the American Tract Society. Gerard entered in 1815, being then fifteen years and a half old. Though he had but a few months of preparation—having devoted most of his time to the farm, and not expected to enter college at all until seven months before doing so—he took at once a high stand, especially in languages, and college men will appreciate the compliment which was often paid him by his class-mates in summer weather, when they did not care to work, but called class-meetings, of which he was the centre, and to which he read and expounded the knotty passages of Sophocles and Euripides which some of them had not the patience to unravel. He graduated in 1819, with the Greek oration and a poem, two of the highest honors. Having spent two years in teaching at Amherst, he went, in 1821, to Andover, where he enjoyed the instructions of Professor Stuart, and also gained a knowledge of German under Professor Upham. In 1822 he opened a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where, in addition to his pupils in Latin and Greek, he had a class of seven clergymen whom he instructed in Hebrew. This class consisted of Rev. Elias Cornelius, D.D., Rev. Brown Emerson, D.D., Rev. Professor Worcester, Rev. Professor Muenscher, Rev. John Whiton, Rev. Mr. Oliphant, and Rev. Mr. Williams. He also instructed in German Dr. Abel L. Pierson, then a young and promising physician, who, after a bright career, perished in the terrible accident on the New Haven Railway at Norwalk.

This was the experience and preparation of Mr. Hallock for the editorial life upon which he was now about to enter, and which he has continued in such a brilliant and successful career in this great metropolis to the present time. In 1823 or thereabouts, Mr. Hallock, while in Salem, heard of an opening in Boston for a weekly newspaper, and being encouraged by the friends of the enterprise in that city, undertook its establishment. His capital was $300, loaned by these friends in small sums, no one loan exceeding $20. On this he established the Boston *Telegraph*, in 1824, a weekly, partly secular and partly religious, which was so successful that before the end of the year he was invited by the proprietor of the Boston *Recorder* to unite the two papers. This was done in 1825, on equal terms, and Mr. Hallock repaid the kind loans of his Boston friends. Two years later he sold out his half of the Boston *Recorder* for $7500, and purchased one half of the New York *Observer*, into which establishment he was invited by the Messrs. Morse, then its proprietors, and of which well-known paper he became the sole acting editor, and so continued until 1828.

In the year 1827 or thereabouts, Mr. Arthur Tappan had established in New York a newspaper entitled *The Journal of Commerce*. Mr. Tappan's principles were then, as since, decidedly abolitionist. The paper did not succeed, even with such men as William Maxwell, of Virginia, and Mr. (since then Rev. Doctor) Bushnell, of Hartford, as its editors. A gentleman, authorized by Mr. Tappan, called on Mr. Hallock, and informed him that the *Journal of Commerce* would be discontinued within one week unless he (Hallock) would take hold of it, and at the same time propositions were made to Mr. Hallock to form a partnership with Mr. David Hale, which should assume the whole responsibility of the concern. The proposal was sudden, and Mr. Hallock asked time to consider it. They could give but twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time the same gentleman called and Mr. Hallock accepted the propositions, and became, with Mr. Hale, the proprietor of the *Journal of Commerce*.

We have been somewhat particular in this account, because the history of this paper is one of the most interesting histories of our age, as will presently appear. From that time, for a period of thirty years, during which Mr. Hale continued his partner and coadjutor up to his death in 1849, Mr. Hallock devoted himself exclusively to the editing of the *Journal*, until it has become not only highly remunerative pecuniarily, but has obtained a position of influence second to no other paper in the land, and a circulation unequaled by any paper of its class in America.

When Mr. Hallock entered the *Journal* office the paper was in bad odor, having a small subscription list and a great load of unpopularity. A new paper might have been started with less labor than was necessary to raise this out of the Slough of Despond into which it had fallen. A short time sufficed to show that men of Mr. Hallock's and Mr. Hale's views and feelings could not expect to retain the support of the few admirers of the *Journal* under its former administration. A new course and an independent one was taken. Owing allegiance to no man and to no party, the editors determined to publish an independent sheet, whose circulation should depend on the fact that people could not do without it. They inaugurated a new era in American journalism. The times were troublous in Europe. The great Revolution of 1830 was approaching. There was an intense anxiety in America for news. The new partners bought and equipped a small schooner, called her *The Journal of Commerce*, and sent her out to cruise for packet ships, get the European papers and bring them in one, two, or more days ahead of the vessel's arrival. This was the first American news-boat of any size. The other papers had only row-boats, cruising in the harbor. The idea was laughed at. "They are fools, and will only ruin themselves all the sooner," said the other editors. The result proved their wisdom. The Semaphoric telegraph would announce "*The Journal of Commerce* in the offing, standing in." A few hours later, "*The Journal of Commerce* passing the Hook." Then the crowd would begin to collect in the *Journal* office. No news would be delivered until an extra evening edition was ready, and then Mr. Hale would sometimes read the news aloud to hundreds of listeners, while the extras were sold by thousands. This was the commencement of New York Extras. In a short time, the one schooner proving insufficient, Messrs. Hale & Hallock built and equipped another, called *The Evening Edition*, a 90 ton schooner, which cruised successfully for news for the paper which was now taking the lead of all others.



GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

An association of the press was at length formed, and a small vessel fitted out for them to endeavor to compete with the little squadron of the *Journal of Commerce.* Dates settle conclusively the priority of the *Journal of Commerce*, which was equipped and cruising in 1828, long before any other such boat was heard of. The Association first hired a pilot-boat after this, and then purchased a vessel. Revolutions ceased, Europe was quiet, and the papers found the expensive squadron no longer necessary. The *Journal* had "made its fortune," and there was no longer any doubt of its success. Of the eight or ten daily morning papers which were then in existence in New York every one has since perished, or been merged in some other, except the *Journal of Commerce*, which alone survives under its original name, and the *Morning Courier*, now the *Courier and Enquirer.*

Not content with its triumphs on water, the *Journal of Commerce*, in January, 1833, established a horse express from Philadelphia to New York (with eight relays), by which it was able to publish the proceedings of Congress, and all other Washington and Southern news, one day in advance of all its morning contemporaries. They made furious attacks on it, but were driven to establish an opposition line, which continued only eight or ten days, when Government was led to run the express itself from Philadelphia, commencing January 31, 1833. Thereupon the *Journal of Commerce* extended its relays of horses to Washington, and was thus able to beat the Government express regularly *one day*, and sometimes, when heavy snows fell south of Philadelphia, two and even three days. Once the Norfolk (Virginia) *Beacon*, published 229 miles southeast of Washington, copied the Washington news two successive days from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which it received by steamer before it had any advices from Washington! The *Journal* express employed 24 horses, and often made the whole distance of 227 miles inside of 20 hours! In 1835-'36 the *Journal* again ran a Washington express in connection with the *Courier*, which it took into the arrangement because there was no other morning paper which had pluck enough to run an opposition.

These great performances of the *Journal* did not, however, end in mere pecuniary advantage to the proprietors. This was the foundation of expresses for news: this, it is not too much to say, made telegraphs necessary. But for this, the age of telegraphic news would have been postponed, no one can say how long. It is easy for the reflecting mind to perceive that Mr. Morse would have had no great demand for his invention if the newspapers of the day had not encouraged its adoption for their purposes. The *Journal of Commerce* news schooners and expresses were the first suggesters, or at least the forerunners, of the Atlantic Telegraph.

Out of this grew the Association of the Press, an institution which is known to the public best by its title appearing over the usual dispatches in the daily papers, and of which Mr. Hallock has been President from its formation to the present time.

We have no space to trace farther the influences growing out of the establishment of the *Journal of Commerce* on the age in which we live; but our readers can do so for themselves without assistance. They are manifest.

Mr. Hallock has now been thirty-five years in the editorial chair, always as sole editor or chief of the editorial department. During this time he has worked without cessation. He is an indefatigable worker. From Monday to Saturday he is steadfastly at his desk, and seldom visible elsewhere unless on editorial business. He has for the greater portion of the time been in the habit of attending to the duties of night editor himself, seeing the paper to press at two or three o'clock in the morning, and to this fact, doubtless, may be attributed much of the reputation it enjoys for accuracy. In 1836, when the election returns came in from the Polk election, the press generally announced the election of Mr. Clay; but the returns of Mr. Hallock were so accurate, thorough, and complete, by the aid of horse and steam expresses, that he was able to announce the election of Mr. Polk, to the immense astonishment of the city. So perfect were these arrangements of Mr. Hallock for election returns, and so admirable his management, that a service of plate was presented to him by the merchants of New York as a testimonial of their confidence in his editorial accuracy.

Mr. Hallock's position in politics has always been independent. He has never allied himself or his paper to any party. Independence is not neutrality. He is always on one side or the other. He supported Mr. Polk and General Taylor with equal force and effect. The prominent position of the *Journal of Commerce* on the political questions of the present day is too well known to need explanation. The *Journal* has been the firm, consistent, and unflinching supporter of the Administration, without asking therefor favor or reward. The Union, one and indivisible, has been the motto of its editor; and no man, from Maine to California, has done more for its preservation and perpetuity than he. From a retirement seldom invaded by strangers, he has exerted a tremendous influence, which is felt daily at Washington, and respected in all parts of the land. Looking at Mr. Hallock's purity of character and devotion to the country and its interests, his disinterested, unrewarded work of years and its results, as proved in many closely-contested elections, the high respect which he commands from all, whether agreeing or disagreeing with him, we know no man in the country to whom, in a time of uncertainty like the present, the eyes of the Democratic party would more properly be directed for leadership in the approaching contest.

We have but a brief space to devote to the private life and character of Mr. Hallock, and yet it is on that that his friends would most enjoy our comments. To what we have said of his mental ability, if the reader will add an exceeding gentleness and amiability of character, which wins the affection of every one who comes in contact with it, he will have before him the whole man. His success in life has been great. He has been a laborious man, and his industry and care have been abundantly repaid. His tasteful and elegant residence is at New Haven, to which he escapes once a week for a Sabbath of rest. He is one of the largest owners of real estate, perhaps the largest, in that city, and his wealth is not used for self any more than is his position in the press. Seeing the necessities of a destitute and notoriously bad portion of New Haven, he determined to erect there a church, which was completed in 1852, at an expense of $3[illegible],000, $30,000 of which Mr. Hallock paid, and he has since added to this more than $20,000 in the payment of salaries, etc. The church, which was founded under the care of Rev. Dr. Stiles with 29 members, has now over 200, and the portion of the city in which it stands has undergone a radical and decided reform. Other and numerous benevolent objects have experienced his liberality. The Southern Aid Society is prominent among these—an institution which was founded through his agency and by his large benevolence, to supply means to the clergy in destitute portions of the South, after the American Home Missionary Society had made anti-slavery principles the test on which they would render aid to clergymen or people. But perhaps no laurels to which Mr. Hallock is entitled equal those which are due him for his aid rendered in effecting the purchase and emancipation of worthy persons from slavery. So distinguished has been his success in this way, that probably a hundred slaves owe to him and his exertions through the columns of the *Journal of Commerce* their freedom and comfortable circumstances. The abolitionists have no opponent at the North so powerful and constant as he; but they are in the habit of sending all who wish to effect the freedom of wives or children to his purse and sympathies, and if the applicant be worthy he never asks in vain.

Mr. Hallock is now in the prime of life, vigorous, active, and laborious as ever. No editor in America can outwork him; and we believe it to be the heartfelt wish of all, even those to whom he has been most constantly and forcibly opposed, that he may remain long years at his post, to be, as he is, the model of an upright, sincere, and honest editor and man.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

THE FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE reports which reach us from England on the defects in the Atlantic cable leave no room for doubt that for the present the enterprise is a failure. There is at least one serious abrasion at a distance of over two hundred miles from Valentia; and it seems probable that another lesion, still further out to sea, interferes with the transmission of messages. It would be possible for the Company to raise the cable as far as the first presumed defect; but the experiment would cost an enormous sum of money, and the risk of breaking the cable in raising it would be very great. Even were this done, nothing would be achieved toward rendering the cable practically useful, so long as a possibility existed of other similar defects in the deep-sea portion of the cable. And, lastly, if the latest experiments which have been made at Valentia are reliable—and we can not but be struck with the wonderful nicety and skill of the British electricians—it seems almost certain that the copper wires used in the present cable are too fine for practical use. In a word, the wires are denuded in one, and probably in several places, and it is certain that the corrosive power of the sea will presently eat them through; and, secondly, if they were not denuded, the currents which are passing through them would in a very short time burn them up and render them useless. Such is the sad but practical result of the experiments which have lately been made at Valentia.

Let us not, however, hastily conclude that our rejoicings over the laying of the cable were precipitate. When the first electric current traveled successfully from Trinity Bay to Valentia, the great problem of interoceanic telegraphing was solved. The prime and cardinal difficulties were overcome. The first spark which flashed from shore to shore proved, first, that a cable could be laid in spite of Atlantic storms; and, secondly, that neither the length of the cable nor its submersion opposed any insurmountable obstacle to the transmission of the electric current. Henceforth the successful establishment of the Atlantic Telegraph is merely a question of time and patience.

We take for granted that measures will be taken this winter by the present Company to insure the delivery early next summer of a fresh cable, to be laid in July or August, 1859. We presume that they could, by increasing the capital stock of their Company, or by some similar financial method, raise the money required for the new cable—say a million of dollars. And there can be little question but the Governments would continue to lend to the enterprise the aid which they have hitherto afforded. It is not a little curious that of the only two business messages that were sent across the cable in the days of its working, one, from the British Government to the Governor of Canada, countermanded an order sent previously by mail for the dispatch of two regiments from British North America to England, and thus saved the British Government a useless expenditure of over two hundred thousand dollars.

It is on occasions like this that the strength of the Anglo-Saxon character comes out. It is perseverance in the face of obstacles, patient adherence to a fixed purpose, resolute fortitude under disappointment which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon from other races. There never was an occasion which called more loudly for the exercise of these virtues than this. And we hope that, when the time comes to renew the glorious adventure, our Government may not be backward in renewing its offers of aid to the Company; and that this time it may not only tender the *Niagara*, but at least as many ships as Great Britain places at the disposal of the adventurers.

THE FRAZER RIVER DISCOVERIES.

FOUR months, or thereabouts, have elapsed since the United States were reliably advised of the discoveries of gold in large quantities on the banks of rivers which disembogue in the Gulf of Georgia. Ever since that time the public in the Atlantic States have expected that each fortnightly mail from California would convey the practical intelligence that a certain number of ounces had been shipped to San Francisco or New York. That particular item of news, it is but true to say, has not yet come to hand.

A general digest of the last four months' news from Frazer's River would present many incongruities. All parties, however, agree on some points. All admit that there is gold on the rivers which are classed as auriferous; and all testify that, up to latest dates, those rivers have been too high to permit the gold-seekers to ascertain the quantity in which the precious metal is distributed through the sand of the river beds. These are, we may say, the only two pertinent points on which there is no variation in the mass of testimony before us. Every other question is open to argument. Men of equal experience and equal claims to credit report in the most contradictory sense of the same localities; some asserting that men can make thirty dollars a day by working in spots which others aver contain no gold at all. Some authorities predict the speedy settlement and rapid progress of British Columbia; others, quite as trustworthy, consider the late excitement an ephemeral delusion, and prophesy that it will speedily subside. Letters have appeared in the newspapers recounting the fortunes made by lucky land speculators at Victoria; letters have also appeared expressive of the gratitude of gold-seekers at being permitted by Providence to return from Frazer's River to California, penniless, but sound in wind and limb. In brief, with the exception of the two points first mentioned, all is doubt and uncertainty.

The merchants of New York have given evidence of their sagacity by waiting to hear of actual shipments of gold dust before they consigned goods to Victoria or Frazer's River. In London they have been more venturesome. We hear of several vessels laid on there for the new gold fields. On the other hand, our people have not followed the cautious example of the merchants. Independently of the ten or fifteen thousand men who are said to have left California for Frazer's River, at least two thousand have left the Atlantic States within the past few weeks with the same destination. One may judge of the extent of the movement by the profit of the companies which convey passengers. The Pacific Mail Company will make thirty per cent. dividend this year; its rival, the Nicaragua Company, has already sent out the *Hermann*, and has bought the Collins steamers *Atlantic* and *Baltic*, to run from San Juan del Sur to San Francisco, and perhaps Frazer's River.

For all this, we would caution our country readers against rushing precipitately to Frazer's River. Of ten men who go there to make fortunes, nine will either die there, or will return as poor as they went. It is not certain that gold exists there in sufficient quantities to remunerate industrious labor employed in seeking it; nor is it at all sure, even if the gold exists there in adequate quantity, that the climate and physical geography will permit its being got out. And even if these two obstacles were removed—if it were proven that the precious metal is as abundant and as accessible in Frazer's River as it is in California, we should still caution our country friends against leaving their homes and their prospects in chase of gold. For every man who has done well in California five have cursed their stars that they ever went there. The prizes in such lotteries as gold-hunting are magnificent, to be sure; but they are the heritage of the industrious, the watchful, the energetic, and the prudent. And where is the country, where the town, in which industry, watchfulness, energy, and prudence will not insure success in any calling? No man is hurt by a little foreign travel and a little self-dependence and hardship; but no man should go to Frazer's River without, like a good general, first securing a safe retreat to his own quarters.

IS QUARANTINE NECESSARY?

THE recent destruction of the Quarantine Hospital on Staten Island, by virtue of an ordinance of the town of Castleton, in whose precincts the hospital was situate, and to whose regulations in regard to nuisances it was by the act creating it expressly subjected, has suggested inquiry into the general theory of quarantine.

The old idea, in pursuance of which this and all other quarantine hospitals were established, was that disease was communicated by contagion; in other words, that the admission into a healthy and well-ordered community of an individual infected with disease, or a bale of goods or clothing from a place where disease was prevalent, was calculated to breed the same disease in said community. To carry out this theory, persons and property coming from places where what the faculty called infectious or contagious diseases—such as cholera, plague, small-pox, and yellow fever—were prevalent were forbidden to enter large and healthy cities, and were for a specific time immured in lazarettos and hospitals. It was supposed that their confinement would, by some peculiar process, disinfect them, and rid them of the unwholesome taint they had acquired by residence in the sickly locality whence they came.

Modern science, with characteristic audacity, has questioned the soundness of these theories. It has been urged that if disease can be transmitted to a distance by persons or property, the concentration in one particular locality, and especially in so confined and insalubrious a locality as a hospital, of such persons or property would be well calculated to develop that disease in the shortest period of time, and in the most aggravated form. And it has been boldly asserted that if persons and merchandise coming from sickly ports were at once scattered throughout a healthy city, and separated from each other, the chances of extinguishing the disease, if any existed, would be greatly increased. The hardy innovators who propound these views would have us abolish all quarantines, and devote the money spent in maintaining them to such purification of our cities as would at once render the existence of epidemics impossible within their limits.

There is this, at all events, to be said in favor of these new and startling views—they are sustained by experience. For many years there has been practically no quarantine at Havre, London, or Liverpool—the three greatest shipping ports in Europe. At some, if not at all of these ports, sick sailors and passengers—suffering from all manner of diseases—are received into special hospitals, and treated; but at none of them are ships, merchandise, and human beings bodily debarred from intercourse with the public by reason of their coming from sickly ports. And every one can testify that there is no instance in modern times in which an epidemic has been originated at any one of these three ports by the arrival of vessels from diseased ports.

If London, and Havre, and Liverpool can do without quarantine, it is asked by the skeptics, why not New York also? Is New York more susceptible than they?

There is one reason why quarantine will not be abolished at this port. The office of health officer is the most lucrative berth in the State. It is calculated that the present incumbent has realized over $100,000 a year from fees and perquisites. It is hard for any political party to give up an engine of corruption so powerful as this. But it is still more difficult to discover why the shipping merchants, out of whose pockets this enormous sum is extracted, and who are now selfishly struggling to retain the quarantine hospitals on Staten Island at the cost of scores of lives every year, should not at least make some thorough inquiry into the great question: Are quarantine hospitals necessary at all?

THE RETURN OF GENERAL PAEZ.

IN a few days the famous General Paez will return to his own home in Venezuela. Young men who read these lines may wonder who General Paez is, and where is his home; for the history of the great man who is about to leave us belongs to the past. He is himself a contemporary of heroes who have long since been laid under the sod.

In those great contests which began nearly forty years ago, and which ended in the emancipation of the Spanish colonies in South America, General Paez, then a stripling, bore a prominent part. Among a people barely fitted for self-government, he was an ardent partisan of the democratic principle; among men who knew nothing from experience of free institutions, he divined them; among politicians prone to change, and not always wedded to strict rectitude, he never once swerved from the principles he adopted in youth, and never committed an act or uttered a word that the strictest integrity or the nicest sense of honor could question. When he was scarcely a man, he was a leader in councils and a famous captain in the armies of his country. At mature manhood, he was the chief on whom all the best and wisest of the Venezuelans relied for counsel and guidance. In his old age, faction contrived to overthrow and exile him. In his disgrace and misfortune, he was as serene and as brave as he had been in the hour of his proudest triumph. Eleven years ago the Venezuelans exiled him as the Athenians ostracized Aristides. He came to New York, where he knew he could study the working of the institutions he loved, detect the flaws which were apt to mar them, and perceive the methods by which their purity could be maintained. For eight years he has been a quiet private sojourner among us; not enjoying any ill-gotten spoils, as his enemies the Monagas are now doing, but living honestly, frugally, modestly, as became a hero stamped in the mould of Aristides, Cincinnatus, and Timoleon.

At length his countrymen have awakened to a sense of the fatal error they committed in exiling this great and good man. A deputation, consisting of the first men of Venezuela, has been sent to invite him to return; and the aged patriot, in whose soul love of country has ever been superior to private resentments, has cheerfully accepted the offer, and is about to leave us. The least that we can do is to testify our sense of the respect we feel for so truly noble a character. It has been suggested that he should be sent home in a national vessel. This is good so far as it goes; but it is not enough. We are decidedly of opinion that before General Paez leaves our citizens should take some public opportunity of letting the world, and especially Venezuela, know how highly they venerate him, and how great a boon his own country has conferred on itself by persuading him once more to take refuge in its bosom.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

THE Messrs. Harpers have now in press a work which, we trust, is destined to effect a revolution in what we may call moral legislation. Dr. Sanger, the physician of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, has, under the orders of the Board of Ten Governors, been employed for several years in collecting statistics and facts with regard to that blot on our civilization which modern moralists term the "Great Social Evil." He is about to give to the public the fruit of his researches in the shape of a report, which forms a large octavo volume. The work, we may say, contains all that is accurately known, and all that is worth knowing, about the Social Evil from the Jewish times to the present day. The chapters which refer to antiquity reveal an amount of research equally rare and valuable. The legislation of Europe, from the first repressive edicts of the Middle Ages to the present time, is elaborately and philosophically reviewed. The work ends with the most complete array of figures that have ever seen the light in reference to the Evil in the United States. Every large city, through its Mayor, reported to Dr. Sanger, and the police throughout the United States brought to bear the facts which they alone possess. In a word, the Evil, in its past history and its present bearings, is far more fully delineated in this work than it has ever been before; nor can any subsequent account prove satisfactory unless it appropriate the material and the arguments used here.

Facts prove that, in reference to this painful subject, our legislation has been sadly erroneous. Light is now thrown on the whole question; it will be our own fault if we do not benefit by it.

THE LOUNGER.

SQUIRE WESTERN UPON POPULAR EDUCATION.

WE spoke a week or two since of the refusal of several thousand children by the public schools of the city, for want of proper accommodation, as one of the most dangerous signs of the times, and something to be especially deplored in a country whose permanent prosperity and future development depend so intimately upon popular education.

Among ignorant people there is a very natural prejudice against intelligence. It is notorious that farmers have a peculiar jealousy of what they call "book-farming;" as if the experience of a neighbor ceased to be experience the moment he told it with a pen to a thousand people, instead of telling it with his tongue to one person. "We don't want no schools!" said a citizen of Rockland County lately; "there is Jethro's son—he committed forgery, and was sent to the State Prison. Now if he hadn't been edicated he couldn't have committed forgery."

The argument is laughable enough, but it is quite universal and influential. It is so unreasonable that it is hardly to be answered; for you can not make a man who would seriously say such a thing perceive that his argument not only denies the advantage of any degree of instruction in any direction, but that it would be just as sensible to say that a man's eyes should be put out and his hands cut off, because, if he had no eyes or hands, he could not steal. Then his tongue should be pulled out lest he might blaspheme. Does not the Rockland County citizen see that, if a man's hands may become the instruments of theft, they are also the tools given him by God to do his work and make his living with; and that experience does not show that men generally forge because they can write?

The reader may smile at a sober reply to such an argument. But if he lived long in a country neighborhood he would be sure to find some citizen opposed to increased taxation for schools, who would take just this ground; and if the reader were a member of the School Committee, or especially interested in popular education, he could not accomplish his ends by smiling at the arguments of his opponents.

But it seems that this jealousy of knowledge is not confined to our own counties and their citizens, but that in England also even Members of Parliament take the same view of education. At a late meeting of his constituents a certain "gallant" Major Beresford, M.P., appeared, and made an extraordinary speech for a legislator of a civilized country at this epoch. He declared, for instance, that he would have died sooner than vote for the admission of Jews to Parliament; and, at another subsequent meeting about schools, he expressed his apprehension that popular education might be carried too far. He did not wish "to see the lower classes educated in those matters of learning which are only suited for those who occupy a higher position." He was willing, it seems, that the great mass of the people should know how to read and write, and to have "that knowledge which is calculated to make them good and useful citizens."

What is a good and useful citizen, is a question which the gallant Major, M.P., has probably not considered, or about which his ideas are lamentably confused. Was Robert Stephenson as good and useful a citizen as Major Beresford, M.P.? Is there any heaven-appointed reason why the son of a gallant major should be entitled to a better education than the son of the most eminent of English engineers?

It is sad enough to read this pitiful talk, which belongs to the Middle Ages, gravely uttered by an English lawgiver to-day. It is sadder to know that, in this country, there are plenty of people who would have lustily cheered the gallant Major as he resumed his seat.

LOYALTY TO LAW.

THE London *Times* thinks that the people of this country hold to the right of insurrection, and quotes the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, etc.

The meaning of this statement is, that the tendencies of a republican government are to lawlessness. But the great characteristic of this country is respect for law. It is ingrained and instinctive in the American nature; and although under the circumstances of the old democracies of history the danger was constantly to anarchy, the very reverse of this tendency is the fact under our American conditions of popular education and intelligence.

European peace and obedience to law are simply the "order" of Warsaw. A strong military despotism all over the continent holds the people in check. But every man knows that the slightest relaxation of that force is the signal for the erection of barricades and the rebellion of the people. What is the peace of Paris, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg, of Madrid, or of Milan? Is it loyalty to law? On the contrary, it is the cowering quiet of a whipped dog. In New York there is a population, in city and suburbs, of nearly a million. For the maintenance of order there are fifteen hundred policemen and some militia, composed of citizens—not a separate class forming an army. The peace of the city is secured by the general intelligence and general prosperity of the people. And this is so true every where in this country that a rising of any mass of people, outside of the law, is *prima facie* evidence of the fact that order had failed to be preserved by the law.

Wherever education and prosperity go hand in hand intelligent loyalty to law—not an imbruted and forced submission to it—is the necessary characteristic of the people. And in such a community he is only a formalist, or a demagogue, who confounds every original movement of the people with riot and dangerous insurrection. In Greece and Italy the republics were anarchical because they were such only in name—for without popular intelligence a republic is impossible—and the history of all the old democracies is simply the story of successful rivalries between certain leaders. The strongest mob always held the city, and held it in the interest of the leader who most flattered and favored the ignorant rabble.

Our danger lies in the directly opposite direction. If our Government is ever subverted, it will not be by lawlessness; it will be by annihilation of the spirit and substance of our institutions under the forms of law. This very tenacity of order, this very loyalty to law, such as no other nation ever displayed, will be used by the enemies of a genuinely republican system—if there should ever be such in the country—to destroy that system, and establish a despotism. And the only possible defense against such a catastrophe is the extension and promotion of a system of education which will constantly tend to make our loyalty to law an intelligent appreciation of its objects and limitations.

"PEORIA, ILLINOIS, *September*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have been reading your paper of the 18th August, and in doing so my eye was struck by the article signed 'Alton.' As the letter came from near home, and having been at Alton several times, I of course read it. I found it quite interesting, and, what is better yet, *true.* Now it must be confessed that I entertain no very great partiality for that little city, but let me say that, if any one who has previously considered the Prairie State deficient in natural scenery will take the trouble to climb the bluffs about Alton, or those that rise so abruptly from the river for several miles above that place, he will be well repaid.

"When I had finished the article referred to, it occurred to me that it might not be uninteresting to you to hear something in regard to *our* city, the central city of Illinois, and, in beauty of situation, the queen city of the West.

"Our city" (excuse this little piece of vanity; we Westerners hate the epithet *town*) "lies upon the Illinois River, at the bottom of an expansion in the river which bears the rather ambitious cognomen of Lake Peoria. The city stretches some four or five miles with the river, and back about a mile and a half to a beautiful bluff, on which are situated our handsomest residences. Here is also the new Synodical College of the Old School Presbyterian Church. This building, with many others, was much injured by the tornado that swept through Central Illinois on the 13th of May last.

"The population of Peoria is variously estimated at from 22,000 to 25,000, consisting of emigrants from every State in the Union, but mostly, I should judge, from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. We have, too, a large foreign element in our midst, mostly Irish, which the Republicans insist is materially increased about election days, and as sensibly falls off the day after!

"Our public school system is admirable, and supports a class of twenty-eight teachers—and, by-the-way, Mr. Lounger, if you know of any competent female teachers that are out of employment, please suggest to them that our school superintendent still has a few places that are not filled to his satisfaction.

"Manufactures flourish here to a great extent when we consider the newness of the place; at this, however, you will not wonder when told that coal is better and more abundant here than at any other point in the State.

"The making of whisky, I believe, stands forth as the 'staple' of Peoria county, there being no less than eleven distilleries in the town alone! Do not let this shock your sensibilities, however—you must not suppose that any one has sunk so low as to drink the vile stuff that is turned out here at the rate of four barrels an hour at each distillery. Oh no! It is barreled up and sent to St. Louis, from whence it returns to us in a couple of weeks, rebranded as 'Old Ohio Rectified!' No one would drink Peoria liquor—bah!

"This being a county town, the court-house is, of course, located here, but the old one has become too small, and a large and handsome new one is being erected. In the way of buildings, our crowning beauty is Parmely's new hall, which has just been completed, and is said to be more elegant than any similar place in the West, not excepting the Metropolitan of Chicago. Notwithstanding the hardness of the times, many new blocks are going up at the present time, and many more are expected in the spring.

"Railroads are quite a feature with us, three important ones having their principal depots here, viz., the Peoria and Bureau Valley; Peoria, Burlington, and Oquawka; and the Eastern Extension, making direct routes north, east, and west. A fourth is now in process of construction to go out through Missouri, to be called the Peoria and Hannibal Railroad. The eastern road has one of the finest drawbridges across the Illinois at this place that can be found in the world. Running parallel with this, and a short distance above, is another bridge, of similar construction, for teams and foot passengers—the two together presenting a truly imposing appearance.

"That our people may run no danger of stagnating, we have no less than three daily, and six or seven weekly papers.

"But I must draw this long letter to a close, without having called your attention to half the 'good points' in my subject; to do so, however, would take too much time; but, Mr. Lounger, if you should ever come to Peoria, and will call at my *sanctum sanctorum*, I will take great pleasure in doing the honors with all the cordiality of a genuine WESTERNER."

THE ATLANTIC WIRE.

THE lamps of the illumination have burned out, the rockets have left no stars in the sky, and the gorgeous towers and palaces built of fire have existed for their hour, and are not. The speeches have been spoken, and the sermons preached, and the odes sung. The union of two continents has been loudly celebrated; time and space have been routed by orators and poets; but still the sea rolls and roars, and still hides its own secrets.

That the experiment of transmitting messages has failed is clear enough, but there is no reason to believe that it will not presently succeed. We have only fired off our guns a little too soon. We have rung our New Year's bells in mid-summer. But the great occasion still remains. The practical victory is won. The difficulty was in laying the wire, and that has been laid. Therefore Mr. Field's honors did not come too soon; for his part in the work was mechanical, not scientific. He has demonstrated that a wire can be laid. It is for the servants to show that it can be made useful.

That is our reply to the many correspondents who wish to know if we have not been in a hurry in bringing out the big guns. Our English brethren have more wisely waited; and in any case they will not crow so loudly. They say that when it works the wire will only have brought the Old World nearer to us, that the New World is of very little importance to them.

But only the men who do not think much will say that. Virtually to make England and America one people, is to take an enormous stride in civilization. It is impossible to dispose of it by saying that American news is not interesting to England. American force must be interesting to England. Together the two nations can rule the world and control the future. Civilization, or the progress of man, is hidden under commerce and politics. It is the seed-infolding flower which blossoms upon those boughs. And it is not the commercial facilities, but the moral union, which is the grand final result of the enterprise, which has not failed, but is merely delayed.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

MR. LOUNGER,—As the Atlantic Telegraph has almost ceased to be a wonder, and will, no doubt, soon come to be considered slow, I send you a hint of something better, copied from Sir Thomas Browne. He does not seem to have been successful in his experiments with it, but modern ingenuity has only to set itself to work, and we shall soon hear of

THE TELEGRAPH SUPERSEDED.

"There is a conceit of better notice, and whispered thorow the world with some attention; credulous and vulgar auditors readily believing it, and more judicious and distinctive heads not altogether rejecting it. The conceit is excellent, and if the effect would follow, somewhat divine; whereby we might communicate like spirits, and confer on earth with Menippus in the moon. And this is pretended from the sympathy of two needles touched with the same loadstone, and placed in the centre of two Abecedary circles, or rings with letters described round about them, one friend keeping one, and another the other, and agreeing upon hour wherein they will communicate. For then, saith tradition, at what distance of place soever, when one needle shall be removed unto any letter, the other, by a wonderful sympathy, will move unto the same. But herein, I confess, my experience can finde no truth; for having expresly framed two circles of wood, and, according to the number of the Latine letters, divided each into twenty-three parts, placing therein two stiles or needles composed of the same steel, touched with the same loadstone, and at the same point; of these two, whensoever I removed the one, although but at the distance of half a span, the other would stand like Hercules' pillars, and if the earth stand still, have surely no motion at all. Now as it is not possible that any body should have no boundaries, or sphear of its activity, so it is improbable it should effect that at distance which nearer at hand it can not perform at all."

The above is from a book just two hundred years old. If no one can be found of more perseverance than Sir Thomas, then let the idea return to the same oblivion from which the attempt has been made to rescue it.

"GREENSBOROUGH FEMALE COLLEGE,
GREENSBOROUGH, N.C., *September*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Hasn't old Dr. Webster made a mistake? The ladies down this way call it 'callis′thenics;' and I must think that the ladies, as usual, are right. Isn't ε short by nature? And if the penult is short, don't the accent fall on the antepenult? What right has he, then, to pronounce it 'calisthen′ics?' And, besides, it seems to me that he misconceives the spelling of it. I always thought it was derived from κάλλος, beauty, and σθένος, strength; and not, as he says, from καλὸς, σθένος, beautiful, strength. Has he forgotten the adjective, καλλισθένης? Please explain these things, Mr. Lounger. If the word is properly 'callis′thenics,' why should we always call it 'calisthen′ics?' Just because Dr. Webster says so? If he wants us to follow him, let him lead us in right paths. Yours, S. L."

—S. L. has so fully explained these things that the Lounger can do no more than expose him to the shafts of the Websterians, quite sure that S. L. will take care of himself in the encounter.

"GEORGIA, *September*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In your issue of 11th September I notice a communication from Mr. Tom Collins, respecting the President's and Queen Victoria's telegraphic greetings.

"In referring to your comments, in a previous number of your paper, respecting the President's message, he says: '*I differ with you, and wish to know if you support my difference?*'

"Now, if the President's message was not 'good and grammatical' (which it seems Mr. Collins is trying to make the Lounger acknowledge), Mr. Collins must admit that the above sentence of his is likewise not '*good and grammatical.*' And if the 'President has trifled with the Queen's English,' Mr. Collins is guilty of the same offense; and if any one is of the opposite opinion, I beg leave to differ *from* them, 'and wish to know whether you support my difference.'

"Respectfully yours, H. M. B."

—H. M. B. must now learn how extremely cautious a critic must be. Let him look at his last sentence and consider. He says, "If any *one* is of the opposite opinion, I beg leave to differ from *them.*" Suppose, now, the Lounger is the *one* who holds an opposite opinion, is the Lounger also the *them* from whom H. M. B. differs?

—CHARITON takes the following view of the Mississippi. It is the sixth stanza of his poem to that river:

"His own rushing waters his messages bear
To the uttermost icebergs abode;
And the clouds are his couriers, coming from far,
With tidings from every flood.
Oh yes, Mississippi is the father of waters!
The oceans acknowledge his sway;
And the rivers and seas are his sons and daughters
And are joyful his will to obey."

—A subscriber in East Feliciana, Louisiana, in regard to the Lounger's slip in the celebrated sum in addition of the spots in a pack of cards, says:

"There is something 'foul' as regards the Lounger's calculations. The presumption with me is that he had palmed out 'four aces,' and evidently intends to 'down' his 'many subscribers' for all they have got. Ah! Lounger, you should not play such 'hands' on your subscribers."

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Dreary teachers, in solemn black, tell us, with grave-yard intonation, that the 'wur-ruld is full of partings.' This can hardly be true of the part of it we hail from, New England, which is so full of meeting-houses. Yet, on the contrary, have we not a Partington among us, whose name signifies at least 'six single' partings 'rolled into one?'

"There is one separation, however, and by no means the least melancholy that humanity is called to suffer, which I have never heard alluded to in a sermon, or seen celebrated in song. I therefore venture to send you a few thoughts on this *worn-out*, though not hackneyed subject:

"FAREWELL TO AN OLD SHOE.

"Friends must part, and man is fated
Still to leave or to be left;
Long and well have we been mated—
Now I am of thee bereft.

"Trimly, once, in glossy brightness,
Thou in street and parlor shone;
Neatly fitting, without tightness—
Now thy glories all are flown.

"Art, alas! no more can make thee
Smoothly fit or brightly shine;
Scarce the barefoot beggar 'd take thee—
I no more must call thee mine.

"Fashion never more can brook thee;
Linings long have worn away;
Strings and binding quite forsook thee—
Time has marked thee for his prey.

"Long thy sole and upper leather,
Firmly sewed by Crispin's art,
Jogg'd united on together—
Now, alas! they're forced to part.

"Clad by thee, my foot has often
Noiseless trod the darkened room,
While a gentle, healing slumber
Stole upon disease's gloom.

"Clothed with thee, I've climbed the mountain,
Over hill and valley strayed;
Lingered by sequestered fountain;
Rambled through the leafy glade.

"Ah! what joy I'd then in roving!
With what careless ease I'd go!
Whether slow or swiftly moving,
Ne'er thou pinchest heel or toe.

"But what, now, will grief avail me?
Still at home I'm forced to dwell;
Corns on each squeezed foot assail me—
Faithful friend, I sigh farewell!

"O. M. NIGHTINGALE.

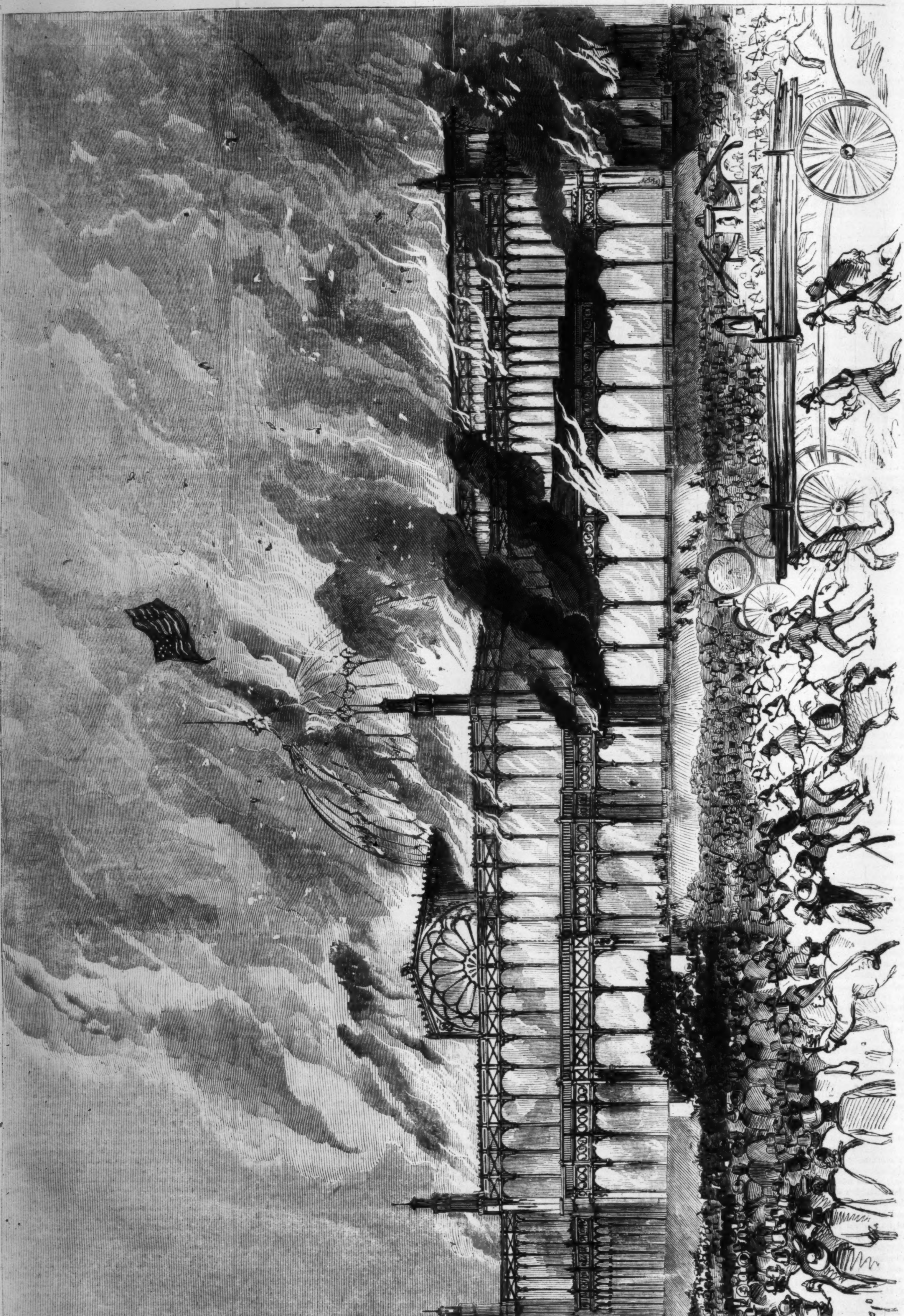
"NIGHTINGALE HOUSE."

—"ALICE" wants the sex to derive some advantage from the Atlantic wire, and suggests:

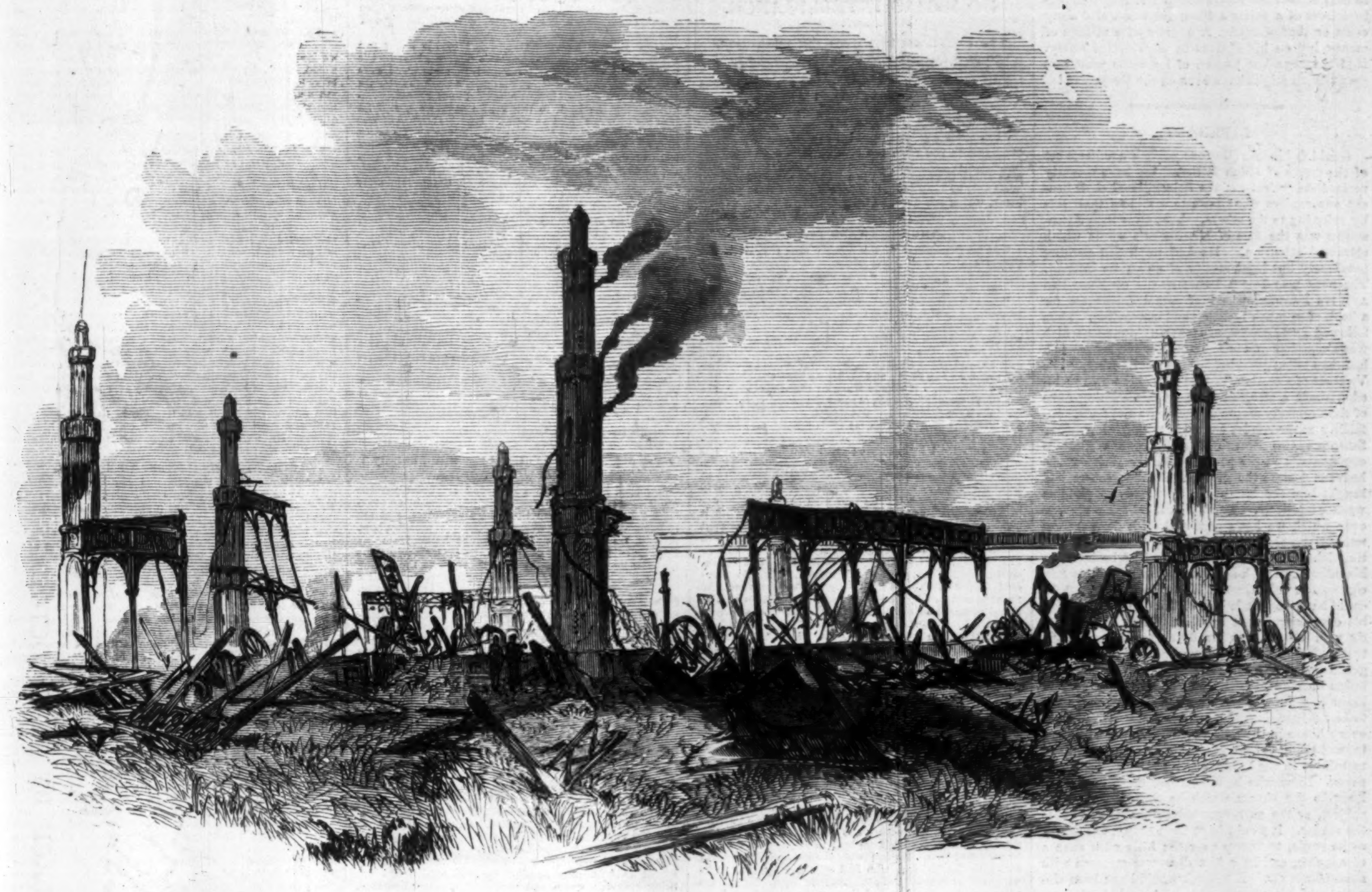
"I see that 'Ball, Black, & Co.,' and Mr. Tiffany,
Have secured the remains of the famed cable, if any
Truth they declare, and have cut it in sections,
With brazen, and silver, and golden connections,
To be worn by the gents, and have sold off a few;
Now why don't they fabricate some for *us*, too?
Not in bulky pieces, as heavy as rocks—
For how would they look 'mid my charming breloques,
Which Frank condescended most kindly to give me
(A most fascinating young fellow, believe me)—
But wrought up in bracelets, to capture those stupids,
Covered over with hearts, and aërial Cupids
Engaged in their airy and graceful gymnastics;
Or last, but not least, in the shape of *elastics*—
I don't mean those things which your shoe-merchants barter—
But naught more or less than a regular *garter!*
Now, don't become charged with this same electricity,
At what I assert with the gravest simplicity.
To be sure 'twon't be seen, but that's like the cable;
And, only just think, each morn we'd be able
To say that 'we really completed "the splice;"'
We *all* have agreed that *this* would be *so* nice.
But I've written much more than at first I intended,
And hope that for this you will not be offended.
Reserve a small place in your memory's chalice
For other warm friends, not forgetting your
"ALICE."

—The Lounger agrees with "MEHITABLE." They are very far from poetry. Does M. know the verses with the same refrain,

"Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that still greenest be;
Go listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me."



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE BY FIRE, OCTOBER 5, 1858.



THE RUINS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE famous New York Crystal Palace, which has been visited by almost every one in the country, was, on 5th instant, entirely destroyed by fire. We give on the opposite page a picture of the fire, and on this an engraving of the mournful scene of desolation presented by the ruins.

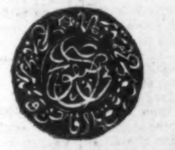
The fire is understood to have been the work of an incendiary. The Fair of the American Institute was being held in the building at the time; all the goods on exhibition, and about 3000 spectators, were in the Palace. At about five o'clock, flames were detected in the north nave near Forty-second Street. Attempts were at once made to bring the hydrants (of which there were eight in the building) into play; but the rapidity with which the flames spread along the pitch-pine floors, and the bursting of several gas-pipes, rendered the struggles unavailing. The inmates rushed to the doors, and fortunately escaped without injury. But hardly any of the property exhibited was saved. Within twenty minutes after the discovery of the fire the dome fell in with a tremendous crash: had there been any living beings in the Palace at the time they would have perished. One or two bold men succeeded in carrying out show-cases of jewelry and other valuable objects; but the bulk of the articles on exhibition must have been destroyed within a very few minutes of the first outbreak of the fire.

The Palace was built, as will be remembered, in 1852-'53, for the great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, which was held here in the latter year. It was opened with great *éclat* by President Pierce, in July of 1853. Since the close of the Exhibition it has been used for monster concerts, fairs, and balls; but it has never, we believe, proved a profitable property for its owners. Not many weeks have elapsed since we gave a fine engraving of the presentation in that building of medals to Cyrus W. Field and his associates in the telegraph enterprise.

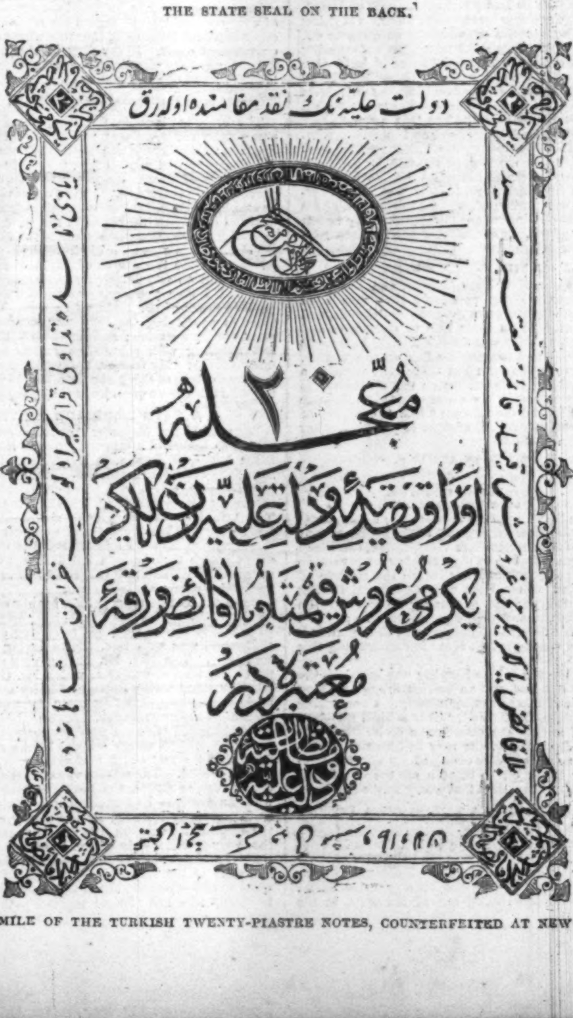
The loss to the public and to private individuals by the destruction of this fine building is very severe. It was the finest edifice of its kind in America. It was the only building in New York in which such a ceremony as the presentation to Cyrus W. Field could have taken place. It was by far the best building we have for fairs and great public assemblies. The exhibiters, who lost all they had sent to the fair, were, it is said, 3960 in number. Many of these had contributed valuable works of art and industry, the *chef d'œuvres* of their particular branch of production. Chickering's pianos, for instance, of which there were twelve in the building, were valued at $5000. There were, among other valuable objects, three steam calliopes worth $5000; jewelry from Tiffany's worth $2000; two large panoramas; a vast number of sewing machines; $15,000 worth of plows; $2500 worth of surveying instruments from one maker's; and, generally, mechanical implements, furniture, machinery, etc., of every kind and of the most perfect description. But more untoward even than the destruction of these objects—because less easily replaced—was the loss of the fine statuary in the Palace. Every one remembers Kiss's Amazon, the cast of Thorwaldsen's Christ and his Apostles, Marochetti's Washington, Caven's Webster, and the numerous admirable groups and busts which adorned the Palace. There was no collection like this in America: it will be long before we see so many good works of statuary gathered together again.

THE LATE COUNTERFEITS ON THE TURKISH BANK.

WE give herewith accurate representations of the two sides of the counterfeit Turkish Bank-notes lately manufactured in this city by Mr. Harrison, the printer. The story of their manufacture is as follows: Early last spring, a lady, who called herself Madame Garfiner, called upon Mr. William L. S. Harrison, a printer, doing business at No. 82 Duane Street, and desired to know what he would print a certain amount of labels for, and obtain the plates, etc., necessary for the printing. Mr. Harrison informed her of his price, when she left; but in a few days after she again called, and ordered four dozen of electrotype plates to be made, representing the label herewith engraved, and which is the inscription on a Turkish 20-piastre note. Mr. Harrison thought them to be a label for some Chinese invention, and did not for one moment hesitate to accept the job. He accordingly agreed to have the plates manufactured at the earliest moment. An arrangement was then made that Mr. Harrison should print 600,000 copies at one dollar a thousand, and that they should be done within a certain given time. The work was accordingly finished, and all delivered, with the exception of about one quarter of the bills, which, together with the plates, were left in Mr. Harrison's care, until they should be called for.



THE STATE SEAL ON THE BACK.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE TURKISH TWENTY-PIASTRE NOTES, COUNTERFEITED AT NEW YORK.

The following is the translation of the inscription on the bills:

To be paid to the bearer without interest.

Toorah or Sultan seal.

[The seal being surrounded by the rays of the sun.]

TWENTY PIASTRES, TO BE USED IN PLACE OF GOLD, REDEEMED AT THE BANK OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Seal of the Minister of the Mint.

To be paid to the bearer without interest.

With the counterfeits in her possession, Madame Garfiner, or Sevesti, as she was sometimes called, departed for Turkey. Her arrival there was thus described in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, quoting the *Journal of Constantinople:*

> "Among the passengers who had arrived from Syra by the steamer *Agia Sofia*, which runs between Liverpool and Constantinople, touching at the above port, was an elegantly dressed lady. On landing, she appeared very anxious about her baggage, and requested an Englishman, who was attached to the steam company's office, to accompany her to the custom-house, hoping that by his assistance she might have the examination got through more readily and with less rigor. She also expressed anxiety lest her dresses and other articles of toilet should be rumpled. The Director of the custom-house, Abdallah Hiffet Bey, assured her, with the greatest courtesy, that nothing should be injured, but that her trunks must be opened. This was done, and the very first looked at was found to have a false bottom. On this, the Director had all the rest of the baggage removed into an inner room, and requested the lady to follow him there. A further search was then made, and two other trunks were found to be made in the same manner, and to have carefully packed in them forged notes of 20 piastres, to the total amount of 1,230,000 piastres, made up in packets of 1000 each. The lady herself was afterward searched, and there were found, carefully sewed in her under garments, 20,000 piastres more of the same notes. The lady and her baggage were immediately sent off to the Ministry of Police, and on her way thither she betrayed the utmost alarm and agitation. On being interrogated by the Minister she gave her name as S—— C——, that of one of the first families in the East. She stated that she was a native of Moldavia, and was a married woman. She was afterward removed to the prison for women and carefully watched, and on the following day was taken to the Porte and examined by the Grand Vizier himself. It is believed that she is only the agent of a band of forgers who have made Syra their head-quarters."

Mr. Harrison's innocence is obvious, and he has been honorably acquitted. On the shelves in his office 400,000 of the counterfeit "labels" were found, which the boys had been in the habit of using to light fires. The Turkish piastre is worth, at the present rate of exchange, about three cents;

so that each of the labels which Mr. Harrison was to deliver at a dollar a thousand was worth sixty cents or thereabouts. A quarter of a million of money lay on his shelves in unsuspected safety. Had the boys but known of its value what rare sports there might have been on the Bosphorus!

LITERARY.

Gould & Lincoln (Boston) publish a uniform set of the works of Hugh Miller. We have recently noticed the "Cruise of the Betsey," and shall benefit our readers who desire to complete their sets by referring to the others. THE OLD RED SANDSTONE was the first of Mr. Miller's works which attracted attention. He had published nothing previously but local matter of no public interest. The next was FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE, a book of rare deliciousness, for a book of so much learning and instruction. Then followed THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR, which was a complete and total overthrow of a book which had then taken great hold on the public mind, "The Vestiges of Creation." The scientific world yielded without a struggle to the overwhelming force of the Cromarty mason's arguments and facts. Infidelity never received a more telling blow. MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS was a glorious commentary on the passage of Holy Writ—"The heavens declare the glory of God." Nature had taught him the lessons he now made so plain to weaker intellects. There is in this book a passage over which we have pondered with deep feeling many times since the melancholy death of the distinguished author. It is that in which he describes his interviews with an insane woman, and his own consequent reflections. When he wrote that he could have had little idea of the fate that awaited his own magnificent intellect. THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS was his dying testimony to the truth of God and of science as one truth. The grand model of a scientific man, who made Revelation his standard, and worked by it always, and knew that he was wrong when his work was not to be fairly measured by it, his works should be in every house in the land, where children will learn to read them, to love his inimitable character, and to believe in the truths he so triumphantly vindicates. None who have not read these books can imagine the charm which he throws around his subject, or the entrancement into which he leads the reader. It would have been grand, one thinks as he reads, to tramp over the hills with such a companion, and hear him discourse sermons with stones for texts. Kit North would have been eloquent with his own thoughts, and would have quoted a thousand glorious sayings of others; but Wilson, a man of self-make, would have poured out the divine utterances of a soul inspired by nature to speak in nature's voice, simple, sober, and sublime words that would never be forgotten. He is dead, and his works remain to make men bless the art of printing with new fervor.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. issue a volume of SERMONS TO THE CHURCHES by Dr. Wayland. The learned divine, whose name is known throughout the country, has designed to make these sermons suitable to every denomination, and hence the catholic title he has given to the book. His success appears to be complete in this respect. To say that the sermons are eloquent is but stating what is a necessity from Dr. Wayland; but they possess the additional attraction of being practical, and as sermons appear to be popular reading now, it is to be hoped that such as these will secure the popular ear.

In A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE, published by Chapman & Hall, we find much that is interesting, but chiefly to Yorkshiremen or English readers. There are many of the manners and customs of Yorkshire, however, that are not wholly unlike some parts of America, and, on this account, the volume will repay an examination. We make room for extracts from a popular religious ballad which is worth preserving:

"O! what a deal we hear and read
About railways and railway speed,
Of lines which are, or may be made;
And selling shares is quite a trade.

* * * *

Allow me, as an old Divine,
To point you to another line,
Which does from earth to heaven extend,
Where real pleasures never end.

* * * *

Of truth divine the rails are made,
And on the Rock of Ages laid;
The rails are fix'd in chairs of love,
Firm as the throne of God above.

* * * *

One grand first-class is used for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
There's room for all the world inside,
And kings with beggars here do ride.

* * * *

About a hundred years or so
Wesley and others said they'd go:
A carriage mercy did provide,
That Wesley and his friends might ride.

'Tis nine-and-thirty years, they say,
Whoever lives to see next May,
Another coach was added then
Unto this all-important train.

* * * *

Jesus is the first engineer,
He does the gospel engine steer;
We've guards who ride, while others stand
Close by the way with flag in hand.

CHORUS.

'My Son,' says God, 'give me thy heart'—
Make haste, or else the train will start!"

Mr. G. VANDENHOFF is announced to read Longfellow's forthcoming Poem on the evening of the day of its publication, in Boston, 16th October. Of course he is prepared beforehand. He is engaged to read from Shakspeare before the Mercantile Library Association in this city, and we congratulate our fellow-citizens on the intellectual treat which they will enjoy if they go to hear him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE great overland mail from San Francisco arrived at St. Louis on 9th, having been 23 days, 4 hours in making the journey. The fact having been communicated to the President, he replied as follows:

"WASHINGTON, October 9, 1858.

"*John Butterfield, President, etc.*

"SIR,—Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and the East and the West will be bound together by a chain of living Americans, which can never be broken.

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

THE WESTWARD MAIL.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus chronicles the progress of the mail going westward:

"FORT BELKNAP, TEXAS,
"819 *Miles from St. Louis, September* 23, 1858.

"The Overland mail arrived here this morning at twenty minutes to six, having been twelve hours in coming the last thirty-five miles, owing to the obstinacy of the wild mules which Mr. Bates, the superintendent, is compelled to use. We are still, however, about twenty-seven hours ahead of the time table, having traversed the hardest roads on the route, and making about one-third the entire distance. We have traveled night and day, the relays of horses being ready at most all the stations promptly. We have suffered but one detention of consequence, and that was of five hours, at Colbert's Ferry, over the Red River, where I managed to write you while the express waited. I had expected to be able to write in the wagons when we reached the prairies, but I found them too uneven, and the creek crossings and routes too frequent to admit of my carrying out my purpose. We are doing finely, and astonish the natives with the facility of our progress. Slow as it has been, compared with what it can be when the route is fully established, and horses put where they should be in the place of the mules, between Sherman and Fort Belknap certainly, and I do not know but further. We have been favored thus far with excellent weather, though I felt the extreme warm days and cold nights of this country rather uncomfortable. As night comes on I have to keep putting on clothes, and as morning comes on I gradually take them off, to a certain extent. I have not seen a bed, or time to get a comfortable meal, since we left St. Louis. This place is the regular military station of the Second Regiment Cavalry, Major Thomas, and now has ten companies stationed here. I will, as soon as possible, give you an account of our journey from Fayetteville, Arkansas, where my last letter left us. I have many expectations of going through to San Francisco safely and in time."

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

A Washington correspondent telegraphs: "Dispatches have been received at the War Department and at the Department of the Interior from New Mexico, giving account of a fresh Indian war in the Navajo country. Captain M'Lean, of the Rifles, was returning from Santa Fé to Fort Defiance with seventeen mounted riflemen and a few friendly Indians and Mexicans, under Captain Blas Lassero, when, within two days' march of Fort Defiance, he discovered a large body of Indians attempting to surround him. He forthwith dismounted his men and attacked the Indians, who had signified by their war-whoop their intention of attacking his force. He led the attack, and at a distance of three to four hundred yards fired, killed several Indians, and dispersed the rest. A party of them, who gained M'Lean's flank, opened a sharp fire of arrows and bullets. M'Lean was badly wounded, supposed at the time mortally. His men continued the fight, and took a large amount of property, horses, etc. It is supposed this is the band of Indians which protected the murderer of Major Brooks's servant. Colonel Miles, commanding at Fort Defiance, reports that this precipitates another serious Indian war, and that he will take the field without delay with all his force, consisting of about three hundred mounted riflemen and infantry. It is said these Indians number about two thousand warriors. They are defiant; for when M'Lean's party drew their arms they laughed in their peculiar fashion. It is believed we are on the eve of a general Indian war. The Department, in view of these circumstances and the necessity of giving security to the overland routes, will act with determined vigor."

GRATITUDE OF A SURVIVOR OF THE "AUSTRIA."

On Saturday last a large prayer meeting was held in the John Street Church, at which Mr. Berry, one of the passengers saved from the *Austria*, conducted the services, and related his personal experiences while awaiting instant death at the time of the destruction of that ill-fated vessel. He and a friend of his who was on board interchanged messages to be delivered to their respective relatives in case of either being saved, and then leaped into the water. His friend was lost, while he was obliged, because of the strain on his arms, to abandon the life-preserver with which he had provided himself on board, and sank twelve or twenty feet into the water. On rising to the surface, he saw the preserver some distance off, and swam toward it. Two stout men were endeavoring to reach it, but he reached it first and saved himself. He swam about for an hour or so, consoling himself with the thought that his Father's eye was on him, but at last felt so exhausted that he thought life was not worth such a struggle. He had nearly yielded to this when he saw the French bark in the distance, and an immediate reaction followed. His vigor returned, and he sustained himself for two hours and more until rescued by the boat. At this time, so serene was his mind, and so confident his hope in the Saviour's love, that he was almost sorry that his life was prolonged, and he hoped that, at his dying hour, he would experience the same ecstasy he felt at the moment he believed himself about to be summoned before his Father in heaven.

THE SALE OF THE COLLINS STEAMERS.

The agents of the New York, Pacific, and European Steamship Company assert positively that they have purchased the Collins steamers *Atlantic* and *Baltic*, and will put them at once on their line to California and Frazer River. The price was $400,000 each, half to be paid down, and the rest to remain a lien on the vessels. The papers are all made out; but there still remains a small matter relating to insurance on the machinery to be adjusted before the sale is consummated. In the case of the *Baltic*, it is said the Company had the option of chartering the steamer for six months or purchasing her outright.

THE TRADE IN SQUAWS.

A correspondent writes:

"CEDAR CITY, 20 *miles south of Parowan*,
UTAH TERRITORY, *August* 19, 1858.

"A new trade is springing up between the Utes and the Piedes Indians—that of selling and buying squaws. At Harmony, some forty miles from Washington, the Piede Abram, having a squaw who signified her wish to have a younger husband, marched her before the muzzle of his rifle to Cedar, where Utes were quartered, having come here for the purpose of buying squaws for the United States troops, and sold her to them; so she had a fair prospect of having her desires more than gratified. It is understood that agent G. Hurt is encouraging this trade.

"A few days since a noise of crying was heard in the streets; I went out and saw an Indian dragging along his squaw, while she was howling bitterly. Upon asking what was the cause, he replied, 'Kots ashinti mi'—she don't want me; having also conceived a desire for another husband, and, probably, she may be likewise accommodated. There are soldiers enough here who have nothing to do or think of, to furnish all the disaffected squaws in the Territory with temporary husbands."

PUNISHED FOR LEAVING A SAILOR ON A DESERT ISLAND.

At Boston, on 4th inst., in the United States District Court, Harvey, J., presiding, was tried the case of Jeremiah Austin, master of ship *Betsey Williams*, of New Bedford, charged with having left on a deserted island John Francis, a colored man, one of his crew, in the month of November, 1855. The mate of this vessel, Mr. Weston, has already been convicted of an assault upon Francis with an iron belaying pin, by which the sight of one eye was destroyed.

John Francis testified to the fact of his being put ashore. At the time that the orders were given by the captain, the witness was below in irons; his irons were knocked off, and he was put on board a boat, the captain instructing them that if they could not land Francis without staving the boat, to throw him overboard, and let him get ashore as best he could. He says that as he was leaving the vessel the captain gave him one or two smart kicks, and said that if he should live and any one should ask who put him ashore, he should reply, "Captain Austin kicked me ashore." They gave him a few articles of clothing and landed him alone on the beach, after which the ship sailed away, and he was left the only solitary inhabitant of the island. For twenty-six days he lived on raw crabs and young birds soaked in the water, taking refuge in a hut, which he made of sticks, at night. Every morning he was in the habit of going down to the beach before sunrise to look for a ship, because his inflamed eye could not bear the reflection of the sun upon the sand. Finally the ship *Old Hector* touched at the island, and he was taken off and carried to Talcahuana, where he remained seven months and a half in the hospital. There was corroborative evidence of his being put ashore, and also some evidence for the defense, which did not deny that fact. Austin was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, and also assessed $800 damages to the negro John Francis.

The island in question is one of the Gallipagos Group, and was formerly used by the Peruvian Government as a penal station; it was afterward abandoned, but was sometimes visited by whalers for the beef of the wild bullocks left upon the island, and this fact probably led to the rescue of Francis.

HOW A LADY SAVED HER LIFE BUT LOST HER JEWELRY.

WE read in the Cincinnati *Gazette*: "Some persons are born under a lucky star, or are protected by an overruling Providence when they least expect it, and are themselves murmuring at the derangement of their plans. A lady, resident of this city, arrived home yesterday from a visit to Europe, where she has been spending the past few months. A short time previous to the sailing of the *Austria* the lady sent the amount necessary for a cabin passage to New York to the agent at Hamburg, with instructions to select her a good state-room. He did as directed, with the exception of giving her a desirable location in the vessel; and on her arrival in Hamburg to sail with the steamer she found the vessel so crowded with passengers, and the room assigned her so undesirable, that she concluded to take passage in another steamer. With this intention she applied to the agent for the return of her passage-money, but he declined to refund. 'A bargain was a bargain' with him, and the lady was either compelled to accept such quarters as had been assigned her, or to return by another vessel and lose her passage-ticket. She determined to adopt the latter course, and at once secured a state-room in another steamer.

"After her arrangements had been made, and before the *Austria* sailed, a feeling took possession of her mind that the vessel in which she had taken passage would meet with some terrible accident, and that she herself would, in all probability, be lost. So well satisfied was she that something would happen—just as people frequently 'borrow trouble' without waiting for it to come along naturally—that she determined to send her jewelry by the *Austria*. She therefore stripped herself of every thing valuable, watch and chain, pins, rings, brooches, etc., to a considerable amount, and packing them securely in a casket, committed them to the care of the captain of the *Austria*, taking the precaution to inform her friends of what she had done, in order that they might recover the property in case her own groundless fears in regard to herself should be realized.

"The result is well known. The vessel in which the lady took passage arrived safely at its destination. That which she had been prompted to leave, even at considerable loss, with its load of human beings, met with a fate that appalled the stoutest hearts. It is needless to add that the lady is contented. She lost her passage-money and jewelry, but saved her life."

TENACITY OF HOPE.

The Philadelphia *Press* mentions a curious circumstance connected with the loss of the *Austria*. The wife of Mr. Theodore Gerok, of Baltimore, is now visiting her relatives in Philadelphia, and while they have no doubt of his loss, she alone has a deep conviction that he is not dead; either he was not on board the *Austria* (though he wrote to her that he had actually paid for his passage), or if he was, that he must have been among the few who were rescued. But here is something still more strange:

It may be within the knowledge of many of our readers that a clergyman of this city was among those who left for Europe on the ill-fated *President*, and was never again heard of. His wife, who remained in Philadelphia, and was deeply attached to him, never did, because she never could, believe that he was lost to her. Eighteen years have passed away, and yet that trusting lady—we can not speak of her as wife, and she repudiates the name of widow—continues to expect his return. Every day a cover is placed for him at the table where still stands his accustomed chair. Every ring at the bell, we are informed, awakens the cherished conviction of her heart that the loved one will return.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON HIS NATIVE STATE.

The *Tribune* gives the following as an extract from a stump speech of Douglas: "I was born away down in Yankee land; I was born in a valley in Vermont, with the high mountains around me. I love the old green mountains and valleys of Vermont, where I was born, and where I played in my childhood. I went up to visit them seven or eight years ago, for the first time in twenty-odd years. When I got there they treated me very kindly. They invited me to the Commencement of their College, placed me on the seats with their distinguished guests, and conferred upon me the degree of LL.D. in Latin, the same as they did on Old Hickory at Cambridge many years ago, and I give you my word and honor I understood just as much of the Latin as he did. When they got through conferring the honorary degree, they called upon me for a speech; and I got up with my heart full and swelling with gratitude for their kindness, and I said to them: 'My friends, Vermont is the most glorious spot on the face of this globe for a man to be born in, *provided* he emigrates when he is very young.'"

A MUTE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

We read in the *Express*: "It is seldom we have witnessed so beautiful a ceremony as the marriage of Miss Ellen L——, of Boston, to Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia, son of the well-known negotiator of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which took place on Tuesday morning in the pretty parish church at New Brighton, Staten Island. The bridal couple were both mutes—deaf and dumb from infancy. No sweet sound had ever enchanted the eternal silence of their mind! But the intelligence and *esprit* which flashed from the dark eyes of the lovely bride, proved that the intellect was as bright within as among her more favored sisters.

"We all know the exquisite beauty of the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, but new graces and force were lent it by the symbolic rendering of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, who with Rev. Pierre Irving performed the ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Irving very slowly and emphatically read the service, which Mr. Gallaudet translated by signs with wonderful fidelity and rapidity, the bride and groom repeating these signs as they were indicated by their clergyman. Several times the sign-language lingered after the word-language had ceased, and then the silence which reigned in the church and the breathless interest which enchained every spectator was almost painful. The solemn vows being symboled before the Throne of Grace, the Lord's Prayer followed; and who can describe the mute eloquence of that mute prayer so devotionally followed by the young couple! When the nuptial benediction was silently pronounced above the lowly-bowed heads of the kneeling pair, there was that which spoke louder than words in the graceful sign-language of the officiating minister. A few letters—a word or two—then the hands upraised toward Heaven—to 'God,' who had 'bound together'—the tight clasped hands—the soul-speaking glance upward, away upward—again a few words—the hands placed in blessing upon the heads of the now 'man and wife,'—a solemn silence—and all was over. No one moved for some moments; we all felt we had caught a glimpse of the spirit-land, and we longed for one more glance into that silent spirit-world. But the groom was leading his beautiful, graceful bride to the church door; we have her quiet happy smile put away in our memory to gladden some dark hour. Ere we could utter a fervent 'God bless you,' they had quietly passed away—alone with their mute happiness."

A THRILLING SCENE.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Mr. C. J. Thomas, of Niagara Falls, was crossing alone in a small boat from Navy Island to Schosser last Thursday, when the terrific storm arose, and the boat was capsized. For upward of an hour he was driven about by the furious gusts of wind, clinging to the boat. Several times he succeeded in righting the craft, and as often would it capsize; and though a good swimmer, he had given himself up for lost, when he at length succeeded in clambering into the boat, without oars, and so thoroughly chilled as to be almost unable to help himself. The boat was filled with water, and was driven past the head of Navy Island into the rapid current, which swiftly bore him toward the rapids and the cataract. But, fortunately, he was seen by Mr. Tompkins, and another man on the island, who, taking a boat, hastened to rescue him. They reached him, but the wind and sea were so high that it was impossible to take him into their boat, so they towed the boat into Chippewa Creek on the Canada side. Mr. Thomas would have certainly gone over the falls had he not been thus timely observed and rescued. His situation during the storm was terrible in the extreme, the rain and sleet being apparently carried over him in sheets. His own pluck and endurance were remarkable under the circumstances."

STRANGE FULFILLMENT OF DREAMS.

A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican* relates a singular instance of the alleged fulfillment of dreams: "A Mr. K——, of this city, about a year since, had a dream that there was a spring near Alton, or Altona, in Illinois, that would cure him of a painful disease with which he had been afflicted for five years. On the morning after the dream, Mr. K——'s wife told him she was much troubled at not recollecting something that she had dreamed would cure him. Struck with this coincidence, he wrote to the Postmaster of Alton, of which place he had not heard before, to make inquiries into the matter; and the result was, he learned that there was such a spring on the farm of Major Long, at a place once called Altona, and long known for the virtues of its mineral waters. Thither the invalid went, and by a judicious use of the waters, diet and exercise, he improved so rapidly in health that in the course of five weeks he could walk ten miles, and he was speedily restored to a state of robust health."

CURIOUS ACCIDENT.

The Hartford *Press*, in describing a game of wicket, gives the following remarkable incident: "Mr. Jabez Alvord had buckled a strap tightly around his right arm above the elbow, to prevent his arm from becoming lamed when throwing in the ball. Soon a large throw became necessary, but as the effort was made, a crack, short and distinct as that of a pistol, was heard across the playground, and the young man's arm fell powerless at his side, the ball describing a short curve beyond. On an immediate examination of the arm by Doctors Phelps and Steele, who were upon the ground, it was found that the bone was broken short off, just above the point where the strap was placed."

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.

Two unsophisticated country lasses visited New York during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, sotto voce. "Well, Mary." "It ain't nice. I don't like it." "I don't care." "It ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place!" "Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you." After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said, "Oh, Annie, let's go; it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable!" "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination; "it's the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I'm just going to stay it out if they dance every rag off their backs."

DE SANTY OR DE SAUTY?

The Hartford *Times*, referring to one of the many poems which have been written on the Telegraph, says: "The cable has ceased to work. If the poets must write about Trinity Bay, why not select the only interesting subject that remains there, and ask the 'chief electrician' to give us the *true* orthography of his name? Thus:

"Thou operator, silent, glum,
Why will you act so naughty?
Do tell us *what* your name is, come—
De Santy, or De Sauty?

"Don't think to 'humbug' any more,
Shut up there in your shanty,
But solve the problem, once for all—
De Sauty, or De Santy?"

PERSONAL.

Colonel William Preston, of Louisville, Kentucky, has accepted the post of Embassador to Spain, *vice* Augustus Cæsar Dodge, of Iowa.

M. de Corvaia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris for the republic of Venezuela, who was appointed by President Monagas, is going, it is said, to quit Paris, in consequence of the difficulties that have arisen between the French and Venezuelan governments.

Palmer, the sculptor, has completed his statue of the "Peasant Child." It represents a little child who had taken a nest of young birds, whose mother had been killed, with the purpose of rearing them. She had fed them and cared for them most affectionately, and they had become fledged. One morning she discovered with surprise and grief that her pets were gone, and unable to account for their sudden disappearance, she takes up the deserted nest and is in the act of bringing it to her parents for their explanation of the cause of her sad and unexpected loss. Grief is the predominant feeling expressed in her countenance. It is an exquisite work of art, and will add to the reputation of its author.

Professor B. Silliman, Jun., is preparing for the Mercantile Library Association a lecture upon "The History and Science of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph," illustrated by experiments from a magnificent apparatus, constructed expressly for the purpose.

Lord and Lady Nap[illegible] have left this city for Niagara Falls by way of Auburn, where they are to make a short stay with Senator Seward, by whom they will be accompanied on their westward trip.

A son of A. G. Talbot, M. C., from Kentucky, has made his *début* in the ring as a clown. The family is one of the wealthiest in Kentucky.

General William T. Haskell, of Tennessee, now confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, is still afflicted with the severest form of mental derangement. Lately it has been necessary to keep him in the closest confinement.

Senator Douglas has conveyed to the Chicago University, unconditionally, the very valuable real estate upon which the Institution stands.

A Democratic paper, referring to a thrashing which a Democratic candidate received recently at the hands of an opponent, says: "Thereupon, the gentleman not obeying, this General, this Congressional aspirant, with the spirit of the tiger, seized his cane, rushed upon the gentleman, and in a most fiend-like manner beat him over the head and face till he was drenched in blood!

"Argument having failed, it seems violence and bloodshed must be resorted to for the conquering of Democracy."

Jogut Chunder Gangooli, a young Hindoo, of high caste, who has embraced Unitarian Christianity in India, under the ministration of Reverend Mr. Dall, is now in Boston, having come to America for the purpose of perfecting his education. He is said to be a gentleman of rare intelligence and high culture.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WHY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH IS A FAILURE.

Mr. Varley, a famous English electrician, has reported on the Atlantic Telegraph. He sums up his results as follows:

"1. There is a fault of great magnitude at a distance of between 245 and 300 statute miles from Valentia, but the locality can not be more accurately ascertained until a portion of the cable, 20 or 30 miles in length, has been tested against my standard of resistance, and until the log has been consulted to ascertain the amount of slack payed out. I would suggest that the piece of cable at Greenwich be carefully measured and tested against my standard, in order to obtain the most correct estimate of the distance of the fault. Assuming, however, that it is 270 miles, and allowing 22 per cent. for slack, it is possible that the chief defect is in shallow water—410 fathoms.

"2. The copper wire at the faulty place above alluded to does not touch the iron covering of the cable, as is proved by its forming a voltaic element, which gives rise to a continuous positive current from the copper wire varying very little in tension.

"3. The insulation of the wire between Valentia and the fault is perfect, or at least contains no defect of sufficient importance to be perceptible, or to materially influence the working were the cable otherwise perfect.

"4. The copper wire is continuous, and consequently the cable has not parted. Faint signals, or reversals, are still received from Newfoundland, but the power used will shortly eat away the exposed copper wire in the faulty place by electrolytic decomposition.

IS THERE ANOTHER FAULT?

"The actual resistance of the fault appears to be at least equal to ten miles of the cable, but is most probably greater.

"Taking it at its lowest resistance, viz., 10 miles, and assuming that Newfoundland is only using 180 cells of Daniel's battery, the strongest current received thence during my stay was only 1-24th part of the force that it should be were there but this one fault. When it is, however, borne in mind that on the other side they are probably using more power, and also that the defect first alluded to probably offers more resistance than that assumed, viz., 10 miles, it is evident that there is another and more distant fault, the approximate locality of which I could not pretend to estimate at this end without being able to speak to Newfoundland.

"From authentic *data* shown to me at Valentia I am of opinion that there was a fault on board the *Agamemnon*, before the cable was submerged, at a distance of about 560 miles from one end and 640 from the other.

IS THE COPPER WIRE STRONG ENOUGH?

"It is not at all improbable that the powerful currents from the large induction coils have impaired the insulation, and that had more moderate power been used the cable would still have been capable of transmitting messages.

"To satisfy myself on this point, I attached to the cable a piece of gutta percha-covered wire, having first made a slight incision in the gutta percha to let the water reach the wire; the wire was then bent so as to close up the defect. The defective wire was then placed in a jug of sea-water and the latter connected with the 'earth.' After a few signals had been sent from the induction coils into the cable, and, consequently, into the test wire, the electricity burned through the incision, rapidly burning a hole nearly one-tenth of an inch in diameter.

"When the full force of the coils was brought to bear on the test wire by removing them from the cable and allowing the electricity only one channel—viz., that of the test wire—the discharges, as might be expected, burned a hole in the gutta percha under the water half an inch in length, and the burned gutta percha came floating up to the surface.

"The foregoing experiments prove that when there are imperfections in the insulating covering there is very great danger arising from using such intense currents.

"The size of the present conducting strand is too small to have worked satisfactorily, even had the insulation been sound. With a strand of larger dimensions less intense currents would be required, and both speed and certainty increased."

ELOPEMENT OF A WARD IN CHANCERY.

It is not often that the vigilant watch which the Court of Chancery keeps over its wards has been so successfully thwarted as in the recent case of a young and wealthy lady of the age of seventeen, who, for some years past, resided with her mother in a county town in Sussex. A lieutenant in one of the line regiments stationed near the town, not being disposed to go through the formality of obtaining the Chancellor's consent, and unwilling to wait until the lady had arrived at that mature age when the assent of his lordship would not be required, proposed, and the proposition met with the approval of the lady, that she should elude the care of the stern dragon of the Court of Chancery. A few days since the pleasant little villages, the town of Walsham, and some other places in Norfolk, were visited by the young couple, and last week the marriage of Lieutenant —— and Miss —— was duly solemnized in the church of Southripp, by the curate of Archdeacon Glover. There were, of course, many anxious inquiries after the missing lady, and Inspector Field, with his assistants, assisted by all the power of the awful Court of Chancery, was scouring the country in every direction. The lady was at last tracked to the secluded village referred to, but only in sufficient time for her pursuers to learn that the bird and her mate had flown. After many inquiries it was found that on the evening after the marriage the "happy pair" had traveled to London in the *coupé* of a first-class railway carriage, which they had specially engaged. Thither the fugitives were followed by their tireless pursuers. Once more the latter were behind time, and they had the satisfaction of learning that every arrangement had been made respecting the passports, and that the request of Lord Malmesbury to give aid and succor to Mr. and Mrs. ——, "British travelers visiting the Continent," had been duly complied with by the authorities at Boulogne. Last week the baffled officer proceeded to Paris to disturb the serenity of their honeymoon, by serving them with the terrible notices of the Court of Chancery. In the capital of France, however, these notices are nothing more than waste paper, and the happy couple, so long as they reside there, may defy the threats of the all-potent Lord Chancellor.

FRANCE.

PELISSIER'S BANNS OF MARRIAGE.

A late Paris paper heads the weekly list of banns published with the names of Pelissier and Paniega. They were published at the Mairie of the 1st arrondissement of Paris, and were worded as follows: "His Excellency Aimable Jean Jacques Pelissier, Duke de Malakoff, Marshal of France, Member of the Privy Council, Vice-President of the Senate, Embassador of his Majesty the Emperor of the French to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, decorated with the military medal, etc., residing at Paris, in his hotel, Avenue des Champ Elysées, son of the defunct Pierre Pelissier and of Catharine Chartier, his wife; and Mademoiselle Maria Isabel Sophia Andrea Francisca de Paula Valera de la Paniega, residing at Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysées, 87, daughter of Don Jose Valera y Viana, Marquis de Paniega, landowner, and of Donna Maria de los Dolores Alcala Galiano y Pereya, Marquesa de la Paniega, his wife, residing at Madrid."

THE MATRIMONIAL EPIDEMIC IN PARIS.

The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The Duke de Malakoff gave a dinner, three days before ours, which cost him $1000. You know the Duke, who is not sixty-six years old, is to marry a lady of four-and-twenty—the Marquise Soffa Valera, an intimate friend and companion of the Empress, who made the match, and gives the bridal *trousseau*. It is said the Empress gives the dowry, which, it is whispered, will be $200,000. The bride is very poor, but very beautiful and accomplished. I confess I can not repress a smile when I look on the old Marshal, who is evidently as old as his certificate of birth avouches him to be, and think of his marrying a pretty young woman, who was not born when he celebrated his fortieth birthday! He is, as you know, as rough as poor General Taylor, and has no fortune except what he may save (if needed any can be saved) out of his present income of $100,000 annually, which is derived from various sources. Since I have touched upon the diplomatic corps, let me say it is rumored here the Marquis de Turgot is transferred from Spain to Berne, because he was constantly quarreling with the Duke d'Alba, the Empress's brother-in-law. M. de Turgot was, as you may remember, Mr. Pierre Soulé's adversary in the well-known duel. The salary at Madrid is 140,000 francs ($28,000), while at Berne it is only 60,000 francs ($12,000)."

MORPHY'S CONTEST WITH HARRWITZ.

The chess match which was in progress at Paris between Paul Morphy, the American, and Harrwitz, the German, has been temporarily interrupted by the indisposition of the latter. The London *Express* of the 22d September announced that the score stood: Morphy, 4; Harrwitz, 2; which would leave Morphy three games to score to win the match. The London *Sunday Times* states that Morphy had won six of the seven games, but does not give Harrwitz a score. There is very little doubt but that by this time Young America has beat the veteran player, and established his claim as being the greatest known living chess player. The matches with Staunton and Anderssen, which will soon be played, will convince all the doubters on that point.

WHAT OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS ARE GOING TO COST US.

A letter from Paris says: "The materials prepared for the coming season do not denote any decrease in the extravagance in toilet which has been so remarkable for the last few years. The fabrics are gorgeous, the prices even higher, and the profusion of trimmings and decorations on the increase. What was once the great charm in high damsels' toilet—simplicity—is now entirely lost sight of. Flounces and furbelows, laces, ribbons, jets, bugles, feathers, and flowers, are all worn together, and without the discrimination of time and circumstances.

"There are magnificent new black silks, which the looms of Lyons have sent us for the winter; these silks are so wide that only three breadths are necessary for the skirt. The texture is thick, but very soft, and the price not *very* moderate, from $12 to $14 per yard."

AN AUTHOR IN A SAD SCRAPE.

Some conversation has been caused, especially in literary and theatrical circles, by a scandalous trial that has just taken place. The accused were M. Roger de Beauvoir, *homme de lettres*, and Bruille *alias* Bache, actor. M. Roger de Beauvoir's claim to the quality of "man of letters" is founded upon his having written some indifferent vaudevilles and worse novels. It is not known what his right may be to the high-sounding name of De Beauvoir, but it did not seem to be recognized by the Tribunal by which he was tried, and which addressed him as plain Roger. He has got himself into an awkward predicament. Long separated from his wife (a daughter of Madame Doze, the ex-actress); he was desirous of reducing the allowance he made her and obtaining possession of his children. Accompanied by Bache, a fellow of considerable humor and powers of mimicry, he went one day to his mother-in-law's house. His wife resided there, but she was out. He presented Bache as Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police, said he had come to serve summonses with respect to the allowance and the children, was very violent, and made a great uproar—so much so that the neighbors all came to their windows. Some time afterward Madame de Beauvoir and her mother were at the theatre, when the latter pointed out to her daughter the Secretary-General of Police. "That a Secretary-General!" cried the daughter; "why, it is Bache, the actor." A complaint was made to the authorities, and hence the trial, just over. M. Roger, being evidently more giddy than befits his years, will have an opportunity of reflection during a year's imprisonment, to which he is condemned. He has, however, given notice of appeal. Bache, who seemed to have personated the police agent merely to oblige his friend, got off with three months of the same penalty.

ARISTOCRATIC SMUGGLERS.

A correspondent of the Brussels *Indépendance* writes from Ostend: "On Saturday last, on the arrival of the steamer from London, the Custom-house officers, while examining the luggage of the passengers, conceived some suspicions of the amplitude of a crinoline worn by the Countess D—— R——, who was accompanied by Major K——, both Russian subjects, and who landed at Ostend. The officers thought it their duty to repeat an examination made in the first instance with a delicacy which the position of the passengers justified. This led to the discovery of a great quantity of silks, neckerchiefs, and other articles of dress, amounting to the value of about £120. A *procès verbal* has been drawn up against the noble delinquents."

HAS EACH NATION ITS PECULIAR SMELL?

M. Texier inquires, with amusing pertinacity, what has become of the English travelers, who sow their gold broadcast on the Continent at this season. The innkeepers on the Rhine await their evening prey, and marvel whither the English can have fled. M. Texier says, in the *Siècle*, that he saw a group of fifteen taciturn travelers, with English coats, English habits and manners, and speaking our language; but behold! they turned out to be Americans. This rencontre took place on the Lake of Lucerne. M. Texier says: "I don't know whether others have made the observation, but it appears to me that each nation has its own particular smell. You can not escape the odor of sausages throughout Germany; in England the ruling odor is caoutchouc. You land at Folkestone, Dover, or Newhaven, and India-rubber follows you to London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; nor can you escape the acrid perfume on your return home, as your clothes are impregnated with it." But this year, on the Rhine, the *Siècle* finds that the smell of sausage prevails, though an occasional whiff of caoutchouc reveals that Englishmen have passed there.

TOUTING FOR BUSINESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "A traveler who had passed with a guide safely through the Brèche de Roland, in the Pyrenees, suddenly conceived the idea of clambering an adjoining peak, simply because he was told that every one who had yet attempted it had paid the forfeit of his life. The more the guide endeavored to dissuade him the more firmly he resolved to accomplish the task or perish. He had already achieved a third of the ascent of this almost perpendicular crag, overhanging a rocky gorge two thousand feet below, when, to his surprise, he heard the sound of hard breathing just behind. Looking over his shoulder, he beheld a stranger clinging by his hands and feet, and yet toiling steadily and manfully up the same fearful path. 'Ah!' exclaimed he, 'you come to share with me the glory of this undertaking?' 'Not a notion of the sort.' 'You want, then, doubtless, to enjoy the sublimity of the prospect from the top?' 'Nothing further from my intention.' 'Are you aware that every step is at the hazard of your life?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Then, let me ask, what on earth can bring a sane man on such an errand?' 'I *have* an object.' The Englishman smiled; both set to work again, resolutely digging their nails into the granite clefts. At last, finding themselves on a plateau a few feet square, covered with ice, they halted for a few moments, when the stranger, raising his hat, respectfully observed, 'You can hardly deny, Sir, that you are at every step encountering great risk, nor can you, I think, under the circumstances, fail to admit the value of my wares.' 'You have, at least, chosen,' said the Englishman, 'an extraordinary spot for disposing of them, with the clouds a thousand feet beneath us, and the thermometer much below freezing.' 'Oh! not a word about that. I've got all we want at hand—pen, ink, and paper, and you can use my shoulder for a desk. I am an agent to the Company for Insurance against Accidental Death. Before you go higher let me entreat of you to think of your family, and to fill up this form.' The Englishman smiled at the oddity of the proceeding, signed the form, gave a check for the premium, and was never heard of afterward. The agent cautiously descended, satisfied with his commission, and at having zealously discharged his duty to his employers."

GERMANY.

HUMBOLDT AT NINETY.

M. Von Humboldt has celebrated his ninetieth birthday. An English correspondent, writing from Berlin, says that "never did a conqueror receive congratulations from so many persons and such great distances, as the post-boy had to carry on Tuesday morning to the well-known house in the Oransienburger-strasse. Those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a peep at the fifth volume of *Kosmos*, which is still under his hands, assert that neither in style nor contents does it in the least yield to the four volumes which preceded it. Humboldt himself is said to be of opinion that he will die next spring, just after having completed the last of the tasks he has undertaken. But his friends who observe him speak differently, and are bold enough to predict that this time he will prove to be altogether in error, and that a very different celebration from that which he anticipates will next year take place in his house."

PERILS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Augsburg *Gazette* contains a letter from Zara (Dalmatia) dated the 9th, in which we read: "The electric telegraph here has been the cause of an affecting disaster. During a violent storm, yesterday, two of the telegraph posts were thrown down, but without breaking the wire. When the storm was nearly over, an official of the telegraph office and some artillerymen set about replacing the posts. Instantly three individuals who touched the wire received terrible electric shocks; two were killed on the spot, and the third received serious injuries on the head and the upper part of his body."

ITALY.

HOW THE OFFICIALS WERE BADLY SCARED.

The Naples correspondent of the *Times* says: "A panic was lately created among the officials of several departments of the Government by the discovery of a mare's nest. On the 1st inst. a bale of goods, such as are used in silk factories, arrived at the address of a French gentleman engaged in the Royal Institution of St. Leuccio. The previous formalities having been gone through by Signor Calabro, one of the Custom-house officers, they proceeded to visit the bale, when, lo and behold, twelve balls, covered with plates and brass nails, were found. Calabro affirmed that they were useful in weaving. Cavalier Sava, who was called as a high authority, declared that they were infernal machines. Signor Taglioni was then consulted, as being a great mechanic, and being connected with the police. The inspection was made in the presence of the Prefect, and at the Prefecture, and the conclusion of the wise man was that the balls were incendiary bombs. A report was made to His Majesty, and another meeting held, the great Generals of Artillery, Nunziante and Agostino, being invited. 'Nothing could be clearer; they were bombs,' and Taglioni, long in the service of the King, was ordered to test them. Love even such as his failed, however, in presence of personal danger; but at length he promised to do so, simply in his own house, and received one of the diabolical balls. A day passed, and nothing was done. Taglioni's family would not permit it. 'A widow, and fatherless family'—such was the picture which haunted their imagination. At length Taglioni was shamed into a solemn promise to perform the experiment in a grotto at his villa at Posilippo. An inspector of police accompanied him—instructions from Generals Nunziante and Agostino were given him. From a great height the ball was cast into the grotto, and the assistant of Taglioni hurried into concealment. No sound was heard, and the idea was that the ball had fallen upon soft material. It was sought for, and again cast down on a harder material; the aching ears of the attendants tingled with expectation—yet all was silence. The devil was then opened; but, instead of being a bomb, it was recognized to be a wooden ball, covered with plates, such as are used for gymnastic purposes in Marseilles. All the other devils were likewise opened, and proved to be only balls; and Naples is laughing at her authorities—Custom-house, and police, and military, who have been frightened out of their propriety by twelve wooden balls from France."

MADAME RISTORI A REVOLUTIONIST.

A correspondent of a London paper writes: "A day or two since you were told that the Venetians have recently displayed as much hostility to Austria as the Lombards, and the following facts will serve to corroborate the statement: Some days ago Signora Ristori played Judith, in Giacommetti's drama of the same name, in the Theatre St. Samuel at Venice, and there was a perfect storm of applause when she pronounced the words 'Name my name to your children, and tell them that that war is sacred which is waged by a nation against a people that invades the country given unto it by the Almighty.' The noise made by the audience was tremendous, and invectives against Austria were not wanting. There were loud cries of 'Encore, encore!' but, as the actress could not repeat the passage without the permission of the police, she left the stage in order to obtain it. The Commissary was absent, and, as the tumult continually increased, Ristori at last returned to her post, and did what was required of her. The lady was rewarded for her complaisance by tremendous cheers; but when she quitted the stage she was overwhelmed with reproaches by the Commissary, who had returned to the theatre just after the four lines had been declaimed for the second time. The *employé* threatened to arrest her, but the public was in such a state of excitement that he did not venture to put his menace into execution. The end of the matter was, that strict orders were issued by the police never again to give Giacommetti's *Judith*."

TROUBLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN SOLDIERS.

A letter from Rome, of the 14th ultimo, in the *Daily News*, says: "Hostilities have broken out afresh between the French and Roman soldiery in this city. On Saturday morning, four French soldiers of the 40th Regiment of the line were discussing with the puzzled master of a *café*, near Saint Andrea della Valle, the propriety of their receiving change for a Napoleon which they had not, as yet, produced, when a Roman dragoon came in to ask for a wafer to seal a letter he was about to send to his mother, at Velletri. Whether the dragoon showed his disapprobation of the unreasonableness of the French soldiers by some gesture or not, certain it is that they turned wrathfully upon him and struck him, following him out of the *café* into the street, where, in self-defense, he was obliged to draw his sword upon them, and a combat ensued, in which, in spite of the odds against him, the dragoon, with his long weapon, might have had the best of the encounter, had he not got entangled with his own spurs while turning short round to defend himself from the assaults of one of his foes who had attacked him in the rear, and fallen to the ground a helpless prey to the sabres of his cowardly assailants. The dragoon's head was split open before he could be rescued, and he would probably have been hacked to pieces if a patrol of French soldiers had not opportunely arrived, having previously been sent for by the master of the *café* to settle the difficulty about the Napoleon. The four soldiers fled, pursued by the patrol, toward the Via del Sudario, where they were captured and brought back. The wounded man was taken immediately to the hospital, where he is still in imminent danger although not yet dead. So much irritation was produced among his fellow-soldiers on hearing of the affair that the colonel of the dragoons gave orders for the barracks to be closed and every man to remain within; but being Sunday morning, and after mass, many dragoons were already out on leave, and these repaired in menacing attitude to the French barracks near the Cancelleria Palace, where, however, the officers succeeded in preventing any further conflict. It is expected that one or two of the French soldiers who commenced the quarrel, will be shot, in accordance with the severe measures ordered by General de Guyon on a similar occasion, shortly before his departure for France."

TURKEY.

THE REVOLT IN THE HAREM.

The *Times* Paris letter contains an amusing sketch of the proceedings of one of the favorite sultanas, in open defiance of the economical regulations of her sublime lord and master. After incurring, in one day, enormous liabilities, she sent an account of the outlay to Riza Pacha. The minister went in astonishment to the Sultan, and received for answer that he had better "leave that sultana quiet, for that otherwise she might play him some ugly trick." Another sultana having called in the services of a Greek doctor, to operate upon a whitlow, the Sultan himself made a present to the surgeon of about £400 sterling. After these facts the chronicler naively inquires, who can believe as serious the Sultan's professions of reform? A person who has recently had insight into the bills of the persons who were in the habit of supplying the ladies of the Sultan's harem with goods states that for a pair of stockings, which in Paris would cost ten or twelve francs, a sum equivalent to three hundred francs was charged.

GREECE.

RESTORATION OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

A correspondent, writing from Athens, under date September 4, says: "The Queen Regent has just signed a Royal decree for the re-establishment of the ancient Olympic games, after being discontinued for nearly 1500 years. They are to be held at Athens, in the ancient Stadium, which is still in a very perfect state of preservation, and requires very little more than a good cleaning out, and are to take place on the first three Sundays in October, every fourth year, commencing in 1859. The games are to include horse-races, wrestling, throwing quoits, and other athletic sports, singing, music, and dancing; besides which there is to be an exhibition of flowers, fruits, cattle, and other articles of Greek produce or manufactures. This eccentric idea was formed by a wealthy Peloponnesian named Evangelos Zappas, who resides at Jassy, in Moldavia, and who has liberally endowed the games by placing at the disposal of the Hellenic Government 400 shares in the Greek Steam Navigation Company, besides the sum of 3000 Dutch ducats *in natura*. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee appointed each Olympiad by the Greek Government, and will consist of gold and silver medals, and wreaths of silver leaves and flowers. The former will contain an effigy of the king, while on the reverse will be engraved the name of the founder, 'Zappas,' and the date, or rather the number, of the Olympiad. The winners of the prize-medals will be entitled to wear them at the button-hole, suspended by a blue and white watered silk ribbon."

EGYPT.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

A letter from Alexandria, of the 3d, says: "A small Greek trading vessel arrived in this port about a fortnight ago with two boys on board, who reported that, on the previous day, Captain Constandi and his son and daughter were murdered in the most brutal and cold-blooded manner that has been heard of in modern times. It appears that the *Eftikia* left Candia, bound for Alexandria, having on board a general cargo and eight persons, including the captain, his son and daughter, two sailor boys, and three Turks, who were passengers. From the evidence of the boys, every thing went on satisfactorily until they were about fifteen miles from this place, when the Turks ascertained from the captain the position they were in. No sooner was this information acquired by them than they murdered the captain and his son, violated the daughter, and then she also was doomed to the same fate which she so lately witnessed her father and brother suffer. The boys, who were eye-witnesses to these cruel deeds, fled, through fright, to hide themselves among the cargo in the hold.

"The Turks, who had so far finished their inhuman work, and not taking the trouble to search for the two boys, in order that there might be no one left to tell the tale, thought that it would answer their purpose as well to fasten the hatches of the hold, and, after gathering all the valuable articles that they could find, set fire to the vessel, and put off to the shore in her boat. Luckily, the fire did not do much injury; and the boys, after an hour's exertion, succeeded in extricating themselves by a trap-door.

"In all probability the murderers would have made their escape but for the strict quarantine regulations which are at present in force here; and in attempting to land they were taken into custody by some officials who are stationed up the coast. In the mean time the vessel arrived, and thus helped to carry out the end of justice. The three murderers were quickly brought down here, and, without much trial or delay, were as quickly condemned to die. The scene which followed took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August, and although no one can doubt its justness, it must have been as horrible a spectacle as I have ever heard or read of. The three culprits were led forth at the same time to three of the most public places in the town. The first was strung up in the market-place, on a hook at a butcher's shop; the second suffered a similar fate in front of one of the principal mosques; and the third was hung in the gate of the custom-house, in sight of the ships in the harbor. After hanging for four hours, with a large placard suspended from the neck of each, in Arabic characters, stating the nature of their crime, as a warning to others to deter them from committing such barbarities, they were cut down, and buried in the ground allotted to murderers. Thus ended the dreadful drama which is the subject of this letter."

CHINA.

AN IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION.

The following is one of the proclamations of the Imperial Commissioner addressed to the Chinese soldiery, and intercepted by the allies:

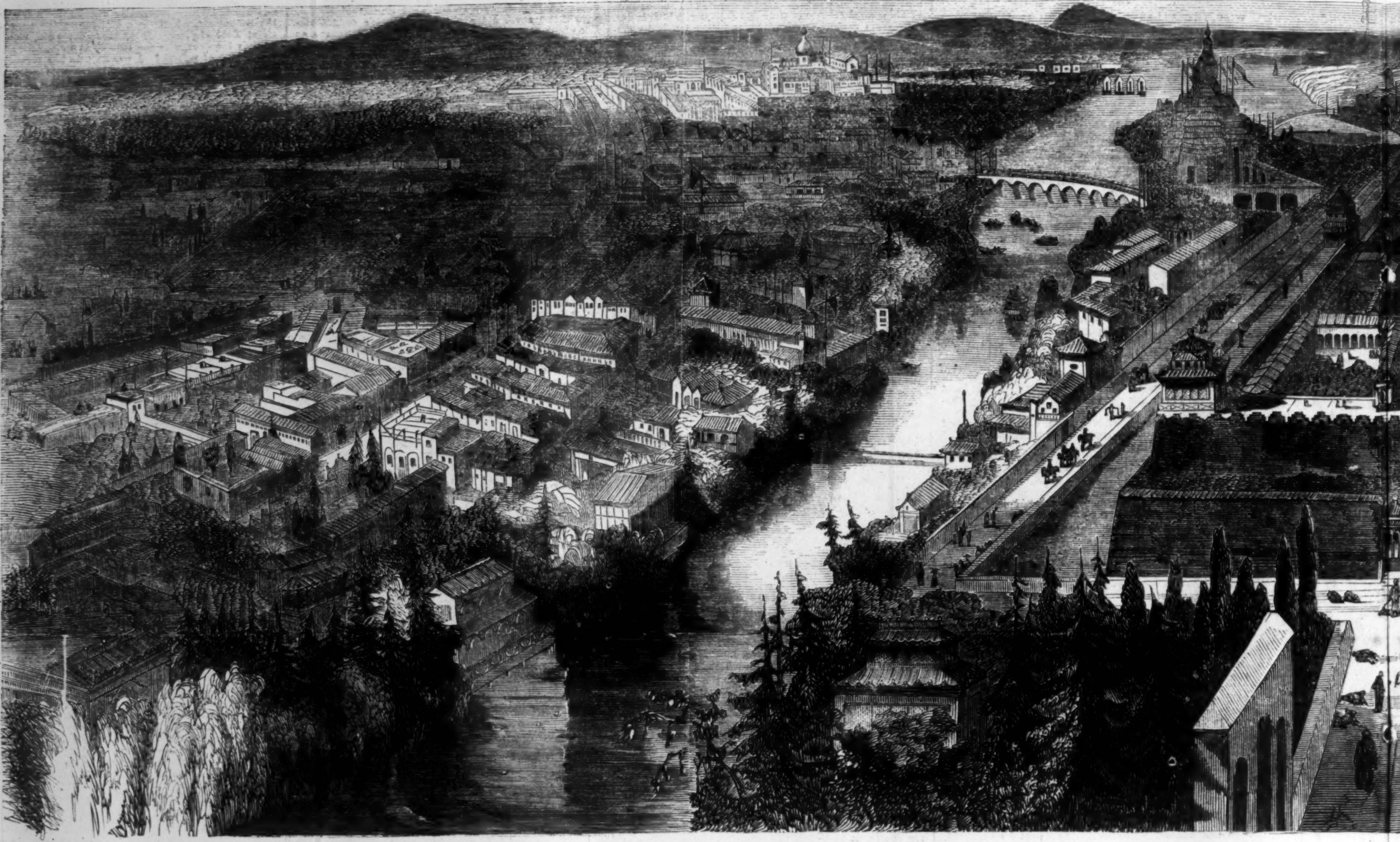
"1. Whoever catches an English or French rebel chief will receive a reward of 5000 dollars. 2. Whoever cuts off the head of a rebel barbarian will receive a reward of 50 dollars. 3. Whoever catches a rebel barbarian alive will receive a reward of 100 dollars. 4. Whoever catches a traitor will, on producing satisfactory evidence, receive a reward of 20 dollars. 5. Whoever can manage to burn or take a large war-steamer will receive a reward of 10,000 dollars. 6. Whoever can manage to burn or take a shallow-water steamer will receive 2000 dollars, and be recommended for further reward."

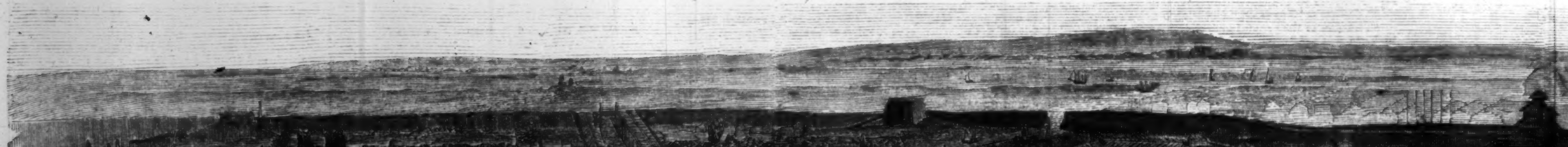
THE LAST MANIFESTO OF THE BRAVES.

The "braves" of the Province of Canton had put out the following manifesto: "The nation of the red-haired foreign dogs is well known as a nation of thieves, and they often offend our middle flowery kingdom. We, Braves of the Kwang-tung province, in the year of Taoukwang, besieged Elut (Captain Elliott), and decapitated Pa-ma on the southern bank. It is a pity that we had not then killed them all, and then they could not on the 11th moon of last year, along with the French devils, pretending that they did not want to fight, have scaled the walls of the city, and burned not less than ten thousand houses and shops, robbed the people of their properties, polluted our women, pulled down houses, destroyed properties, and, what was worst of all, knocked down people with sticks without the least cause. They issue proclamations daring to give instructions to the people. We, the subjects of the celestial court, highly praised by the Emperor, will not submit to these barbarians. We have ascertained that there are only two or three thousand English and French dogs in the city, but our numbers are thousands and thousands; and if every one of us carry but a sword to kill every foreigner that we meet, we shall soon kill them all. If any one trade or supply provisions to the foreign dogs, we shall arrest and punish him according to the village regulations. All those who are in the employ of the foreign dogs must leave their employment in one month, and after one month, if they still stay with the foreign dogs, and do not return to their native villages, the elders of the villages will hand over their families to the authorities to be punished, as if they were the red-head rebels. And if any village refuses to obey these regulations, we, the Braves, will level that village and punish the offenders of the Celestial Court. All those who have blood and life ought to share the troubles of our Emperor. Those that doubt this must be treated as thieves, and every royal subject can kill them. The Americans, Spaniards, and other foreign nations are on good terms with ours. The stoppage of trade is solely caused by the English and French dogs, and complaints must be made against them alone and not us.

"The Braves of Kwang-tung Province."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PEKIN,





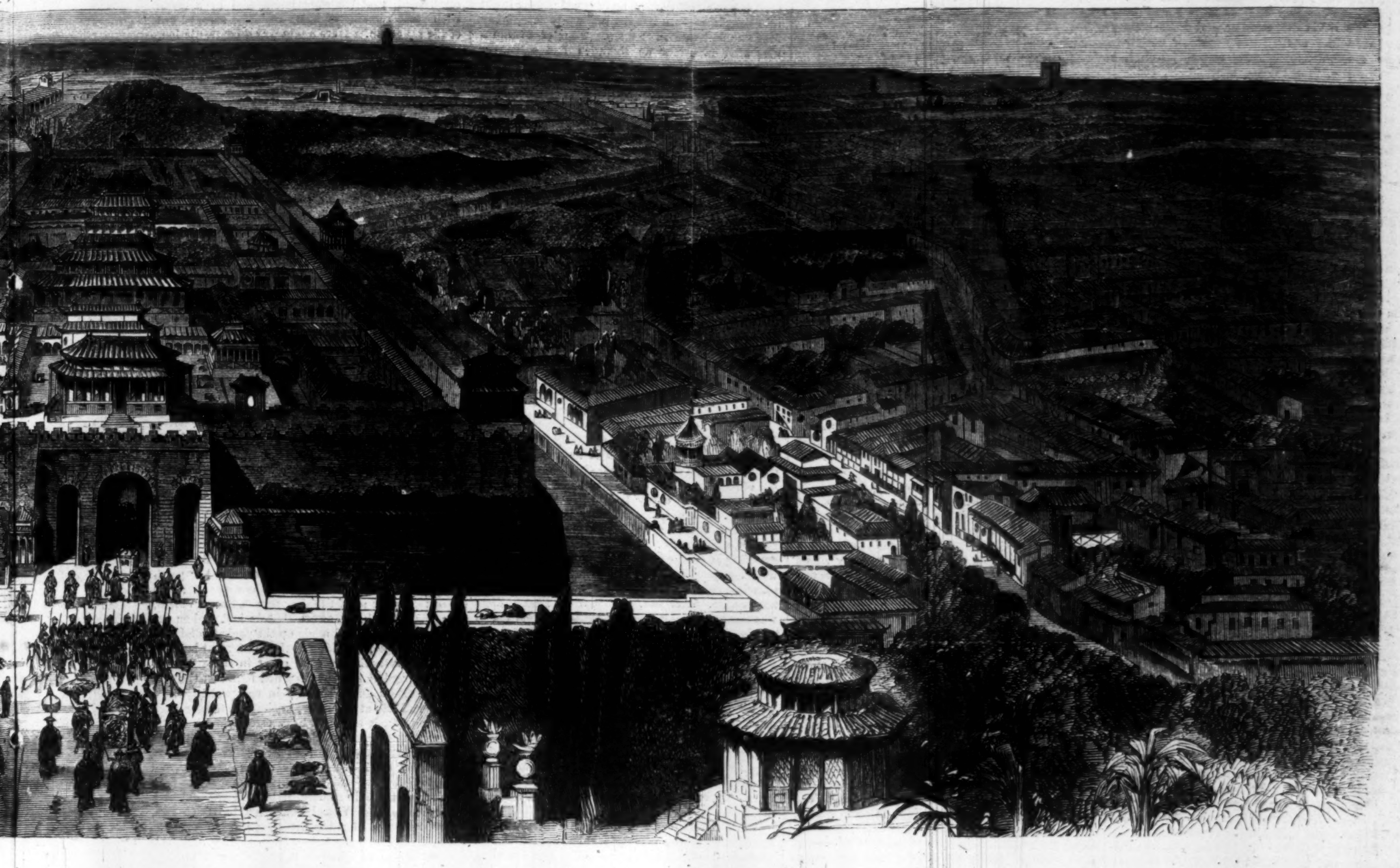
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY

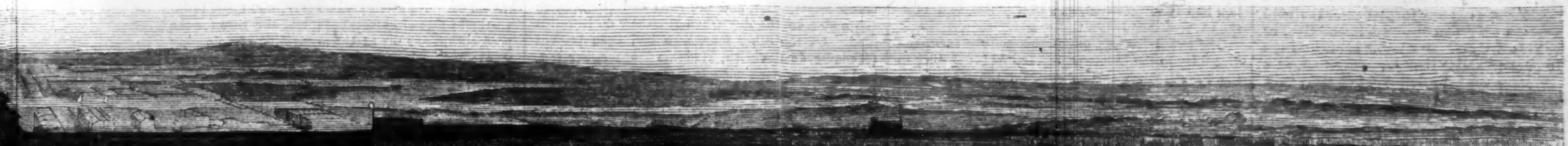
PEKIN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

THE new treaty just concluded between the United States and the Chinese Empire will probably enable us to have a Minister resident at Pekin. Hitherto, as every one knows, Pekin has been forbidden ground to barbarians. One or two embassies have penetrated its walls; but the embassadors have been compelled to travel in closed chairs, so that they saw very little more than they would have done had they been mere trunks—to which humble object one of the noblemen who made the journey compared himself. Now we shall soon know as much about Pekin as we know of Calcutta or Delhi. A few lines of history and description may prove an interesting preface to the books which threaten us with elaborate accounts of the Chinese capital.

Pekin, of course it is needless to say, is well known in China to have been founded many thousand years before the Christian era, and several thousand before the Creation and the Deluge. It seems to have been the principal political city in the empire at the time of the Tartar conquest; it was on the hill behind the palace which is seen in our illustration that the last Chinese monarch of the pure native dynasty cut his throat. On the dreadful night which witnessed the end of the sway of the Chinese Monarchs, the Tartar hills, fifteen miles distant, were red with the flames of the imperial palace; the city, all built of brightly-painted wood, was a sea of fire; the convoy which con-

N, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA—NORTH SIDE.





Y OF PEKIN—SOUTH SIDE.

veyed the Tartar plunder to a place of safety was, it is said, thirty miles long.

Misfortunes fell heavy on Pekin. Scarce twenty years after the conflagration and the massacre which heralded the overthrow of the native dynasty, an earthquake overwhelmed the whole city, and buried 300,000 souls in the ruins. A few years afterward another like disaster cost Pekin 100,000 inhabitants. For the last two hundred years every generation has seen some riot or popular outburst which has been quenched in seas of blood.

To guard against riots no provision has been made by the Chinese law. Earthquakes are provided for by the laws respecting buildings. These laws forbid the construction of any edifice over one story high. Thus there is not a two-story house in all Pekin. The size and distribution of houses are likewise fixed by law. The size of every man's door is graduated according to his rank, and so is the architectural front of his house. A "common man" may not have columns before his door; a man of letters may have three rows; a mandarin five; a prince seven; the Emperor nine. So with the roof. The Emperor's roof is yellow, the princes' green, common citizens' blue or gray. Every thing is fixed by law, nothing is left to choice.

If the estimate which has been made of the population of Pekin—2,000,000 souls—be correct, nearly one twentieth of the whole number are independent of the laws concerning buildings, for they inhabit none. A hundred thousand people sleep every night in the streets, in the ruins, on the river, or in some adjacent field. Yet, strange to say, among these "vagabonds," as our laws would call them, are many of the richest merchants of the city. They are peddlers, set up their booths in one of the wide streets early in the morning, and do business till late at night. Among these open-air dealers are seen confectioners, priests, actors, jewelers, money-changers, tobacconists, shoemakers, booksellers, scribes, literary men, doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, and retailers of every commodity that can minister to the uses or luxuries of the Chinese people. The rule in Pekin, as in most Eastern cities, is that each trade or calling has a ward or street specially appropriated to it; but the street dealers are bound by no such restriction, and travel where they please, to the grievous injury of the stationary merchants.

Pekin, it must be remembered, is divided into two parts, the Chinese city and the Tartar city. The best street in the latter division is appropriated to soldiers. At the time of the conquest they seized it, houses, furniture, and, in many cases, occupants also; latterly, the merchants have been encroaching on them, and by paying freely have ousted them out of many a "corner lot."

Soldiers are not permitted to spend the night in the Chinese city; there, as in other civilized communities (the State of New York excepted), civilians have rights which the military are bound to respect. The Chinese soldiery are at home, however, in the Tartar wards. There they are sovereign. The lower picture on the preceding pages represents a portion of their domain. In the background, on the left, the spectator will easily distinguish the Russian church and convent; and, on the right, not very far from the fortifications which separate the Chinese from the Tartar city, the melancholy remains of the Jesuit cathedral—a sad relic of the enlightened age when the Government of China was swayed by the intelligent priests of Europe. In the same picture the Imperial escort will be noticed on its way to the great Temple of Heaven.

The Tartar city is, so to speak, the citadel; while the Chinese portion of Pekin is the city proper. All the amusements and all the best society of Pekin are in the Chinese city. There, and there only, are to be found the famous Houses of Flowers, filled with the lovely bayadères of Londji; there are gathered all the great actors and singers of China; there are the famous gambling-houses where the princes and the chief mandarins lose their hundreds of thousands of a night; there are the manufactories of those exquisite objects in porcelain and glass which have carried the Chinese name throughout the world; there, too, are the places of execution, where poor creatures are beheaded, or sliced, or tortured, or starved to death, at the will of some malicious or cruel magistrate. The Chinese part of Pekin is, in fact, what the old Athenians would have called The City.

At noon every day in that city six great theatres are thrown open to the public. The performances last till sundown, as at ancient Athens. It would not be honest to say that they are instructive, or moral, or even artistic. We know enough of the repertory of the Chinese theatres to say that, as a rule, their plays are both dull and indecent. An old resident in China states that the performers who had "a season" here, at Niblo's, some years since, were very fair types of the average of Chinese actors; those who saw them need not be told that neither their acting nor their singing rose even to mediocrity. Possibly the *double-entendres* of the dialogue compensate the Chinese for the lack of histrionic or vocal excellence.

Next to the theatres, the most fashionable places of resort are the bazars of jewelry and books. It has already been mentioned that each trade has a street, or a series of streets, of its own. All the Pekin jewelers are gathered together in a long street with some adjacent alleys. There the most valuable jewels of Asia and the most costly wares of Europe are offered for sale. It is rare that in the grand shops any bargaining is heard. The dealers have a language of their own, which is expressed by signs with the fingers. When a mandarin wishes to buy a ring, he steps into the shop and looks at it. The dealer makes a queer sign with his fingers. At this the mandarin shrugs his shoulders and his eyebrows, and intimates to the dealer that he is a scoundrel, who should be put in the *cangue* at the very least. The dealer, nowise abashed, bows politely and makes fresh motions with his fingers, intimating that he will "come down." The mandarin then telegraphs. Reply from the dealer; rejoinder from the mandarin; final telegraph from the dealer—all of them mere digital operations, and not a word being spoken on either side. The bargain is made or broken off without the use of the tongue by either party.

The book bazar is a famous lounge. Literature, as every one knows, is the ruling power in China. Literary merit is the key to all offices of state. No one is any thing until he has taken a literary degree: there are as many degrees in Chinese literature as there are grades in our public service. So far as the outside world is enabled to judge, Chinese literature is not particularly worthy of cultivation. Fiction abounds; but Chinese fictions remind the erudite reader of Moll Flanders and Crébillon fils rather than Walter Scott or Dickens. Chinese philosophy is eclectic, and some of the philosophical treatises are very able; but, as with us, the best lettered Chinamen prefer a lively novel to the most elaborate ethical performance. At the great libraries in the book bazar the *literati* of Pekin assemble daily, and discuss the plot and characters of the last new novel with an earnestness unknown in this practical meridian. Monsieur Huc, whose travels in China still remain the best work we have on that country, gives some amusing stories of their discussions.

It would be comparatively easy to run on to any length in description of the famous city of Pekin, and of the curious usages which govern its inhabitants. But we shall return to the subject. Mr. Reed does not seem to be playing a very memorable part among the diplomatists at present in China, and he may not even go to Pekin. But his successor can hardly fail to visit the imperial city, and we shall take pains to keep our readers *au courant* of what he sees and records.

THE POISONED MEAL.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—THE EVIDENCE.

We have followed Marie to the cell door. She has been illegally arrested by a stratagem; she has been illegally imprisoned as condemned felons are imprisoned; she has not been heard in her own defense; and she has never been confronted with her accusers. Thus far, the case is one of suspicion only. Waiting until the end of the trial before we decide on whom that suspicion ought to rest, let us now hear the evidence by which the Duparcs and their adherents proceeded to justify their conspiracy against the liberty and the life of a friendless girl.

Having secured Marie in solitary confinement, and having thus left the house and all that it contained for a whole night at the free disposal of the Duparcs, the Procurator Revel bethought himself, the morning after the arrest of his prisoner, of the necessity of proceeding with something like official regularity. He accordingly issued his requisition to the Lieutenant-Criminel to accompany him to the house of Monsieur Duparc, attended by the medical officers and the clerk, to inquire into the circumstances under which the suspected death by poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu had taken place. Marie had been imprisoned on the evening of the seventh of August, and this requisition is dated on the morning of the eighth. The document betrays one remarkable informality. It mentions the death of Monsieur de Beaulieu; but is absolutely silent on the subject of the alleged poisoning of seven persons at dinner the next day. And yet, it was this latter circumstance only which first directed suspicion against Marie, and which induced Lawyer Friley to lodge the information against her on which the Procurator was now acting. Probably Monsieur Revel's legal acumen convinced him, at the outset, that the story of the poisoned dinner was too weak to be relied on.

The officers of the law, accompanied by the doctors, proceeded to the house of the Duparcs on the eighth of August. After viewing the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu, the medical men were directed to open and examine it. They reported the discovery in the stomach of a reddish, brick-colored liquid, somewhat resembling the lees of wine. The mucous membrane was detached in some places, and its internal surface was corroded. On examining the reddish liquid, they found it to contain a crystallized sediment, which, on analyzation, proved to be arsenic. Upon this, the doctors delivered it as their opinion that Monsieur de Beaulieu had been poisoned, and that poison had been the cause of his death.

The event having taken this serious turn, the first duty of the Lieutenant-Criminel (according to the French law) was to send for the servant on whom suspicion rested, to question her, and to confront her with the Duparcs. He did nothing of the kind; he made no inquiry after the servant (being probably unwilling to expose his colleague, the Procurator, who had illegally arrested and illegally imprisoned her); he never examined the kitchen utensils which the Commissary had locked up; he never opened the servant's cupboard with the key that had been taken from her when she was searched in prison. All he did was to reduce the report of the doctors to writing, and to return to his office with his posse-comitatus at his heels.

It was next necessary to summon the witnesses and examine them. But the Procurator Revel now conveniently remembered the story of the poisoned dinner, and he sent the Lieutenant-Criminel to examine the Duparcs and their friends at the private residence of the family, in consideration of the sickly condition of the eaters of the adulterated meal. It may be as well to observe, here as elsewhere, that these highly-indulged personages had none of them been sufficiently inconvenienced even to go to bed, or in any way to alter their ordinary habits.

On the afternoon of the eighth the Lieutenant-Criminel betook himself to the house of Monsieur Duparc, to collect evidence touching the death by poison of Monsieur de Beaulieu. The first witness called was Monsieur Duparc.

This gentleman, it will be remembered, was away from home on Monday, the sixth, when Monsieur de Beaulieu died, and only returned, at the summons of his eldest son, at half past eleven on the forenoon of the seventh. He had nothing to depose connected with the death of his father-in-law or with the events which might have taken place in the house on the night of the sixth and the morning of the seventh. On the other hand, he had a great deal to say about the state of his own stomach after the dinner of the seventh—a species of information not calculated to throw much light on the subject of inquiry, which was the poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The old lady, Madame de Beaulieu, was next examined. She could give no evidence of the slightest importance touching the matter in hand; but, like Monsieur Duparc, she had something to say on the topic of the poisoned dinner.

Madame Duparc followed on the list of witnesses. The report of her examination—so thoroughly had she recovered from the effects of the dinner of the seventh—ran to a prodigious length. Five-sixths of it were occupied with her own sensations and suspicions, and the sensations and suspicions of her relatives and friends, after they had risen from table. As to the point at issue—the point which affected the liberty, and perhaps the life of her unfortunate servant—she had so little to say that her testimony may be repeated here in her own words:

"The witness [Madame Duparc] deposed, that after Marie had helped Monsieur de Beaulieu to get up, she [Marie] hastened out for the milk, and, on her return with it, prepared the hasty-pudding, took it herself off the fire, and herself poured it out into the plate—then left the kitchen to accompany Madame de Beaulieu to mass. Four or five minutes after Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten the hasty-pudding he was seized with violent illness."

Short as it is, this statement contains several distinct suppressions of the truth. First, Madame Duparc is wrong in stating that Marie fetched the milk, for it was the milkwoman who brought it to the house. Secondly, Madame Duparc conceals the fact that she handed the flour to the servant to make the hasty-pudding. Thirdly, Madame Duparc does not mention that she held the plate for the pudding to be poured into, and took it to her father. Fourthly, and most important of all, Madame Duparc altogether omits to state that she sprinkled salt, with her own hands, over the hasty-pudding, although she had expressly informed her servant, a day or two before, that salt was never to be mixed with it. At a subsequent stage of the proceedings she was charged with having salted the hasty-pudding herself, and she could not, and did not, deny it.

The examination of Madame Duparc ended the business on the day of the eighth. The next morning, the Lieutenant-Criminel, as politely attentive as before, returned to resume his inquiry at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc.

The first witness examined on the second day was Mademoiselle Duparc. She carefully followed her mother's lead—saying as little as possible about the preparation of the hasty-pudding on the morning of Monday, and as much as possible about the pain suffered by every body after the dinner of Tuesday. Madame Beauguillot, the next witness, added her testimony as to the state of her own digestive organs, after partaking of the same meal—speaking at such prodigious length that the poison would appear, in her case, to have produced its principal effect (and that of a stimulating kind) on her tongue. Her son, Monsieur de Beauguillot, was next examined, quite uselessly in relation to the death by poison which was the object of inquiry. The last witness was Madame Duparc's younger son—the same who had complained of feeling a gritty substance between his teeth at dinner. In one important respect his evidence flatly contradicted his mother's. Madame Duparc had adroitly connected Monsieur de Beaulieu's illness with the hasty-pudding, by describing the old man as having been taken ill four or five minutes after eating it. Young Duparc, on the contrary, declared that his grandfather first felt ill at nine o'clock—exactly two hours after he had partaken of his morning meal.

With the evidence of this last witness the examinations at the private residence of Monsieur Duparc ended. Thus far, out of the seven persons, all related to each other, who had been called as witnesses, three (Monsieur Duparc himself, Madame Beauguillot, and her son) had not been in the house on the day when Monsieur de Beaulieu died. Of the other four, who had been present (Madame de Beaulieu, Madame Duparc, her son, and her daughter), not one deposed to a single fact tending to fix on Marie any reasonable suspicion of having administered poison to Monsieur de Beaulieu.

The remaining witnesses called before the Lieutenant-Criminel were twenty-nine in number. Not one of them had been in the house on the Monday, which was the day of the old man's death. Twenty-six of them had nothing to offer but hearsay evidence on the subject of the events which had taken place at, and after, the dinner of Tuesday. The testimony of the remaining three, namely, Lawyer Friley, who had lodged the information against Marie; Surgeon Hébert, who had searched her pockets in the house; and Commissary Bertot, who had searched her for the second time, after taking her to prison, was the testimony on which the girl's enemies mainly relied for substantiating their charges by positively associating her with the possession of arsenic.

Let us see what amount of credit can be attached to the evidence of these three witnesses.

Lawyer Friley was the first to be examined. After stating what share he had taken in bringing Marie to justice (it will be remembered that he lodged his information against her at the instance of Madame Duparc, without allowing her to say a word in her own defense), he proceeded to depose that he hunted about the bed on which the girl had lain down to recover herself, and that he discovered on the mattress seven or eight scattered grains of some substance which resembled the powder reported to have been found on the crumbs in her pockets. He added further, that, on the next day, about two hours before the body of Monsieur de Beaulieu was examined, he returned to the house; searched under the bed, with Monsieur Duparc and a soldier named Cauvin; and found there four or five grains more of the same substance which he had discovered on the mattress.

Here were two separate portions of poison found, then. What did Lawyer Friley do with them? Did he seal them up immediately in the presence of witnesses, and take them to the legal authorities? Nothing of the sort. On being asked what he did with the first portion, he replied that he gave it to young Monsieur Beauguillot. Beauguillot's evidence was thereupon referred to; and it was found that he had never mentioned receiving the packet of powder from Friley. He had made himself extremely officious in examining the kitchen utensils; he had been as anxious as any one to promote the discovery of arsenic; and when he had the opportunity of producing it, if Friley were to be believed, he held it back, and said not one word about the matter. So much for the first portion of the mysterious powder, and for the credibility of Friley's evidence thus far!

On being questioned as to what he had done with the second portion, alleged to have been found under the bed, Friley replied that he had handed it to the doctors who opened the body, and that they had tried to discover what it was by burning it between two copper pieces. A witness who had been present at this proceeding declared, on being questioned, that the experiment had been made with some remains of hasty-pudding scraped out of the saucepan. Here again was a contradiction, and here, once more, Friley's evidence was, to say the least of it, not to be depended on.

Surgeon Hébert followed. What had he done with the crumbs of bread scattered over with white powder, which he had found in Marie's pocket? He had, after showing them to the company in the drawing-room, exhibited them next to the apothecary, and handed them afterward to another medical man. Being finally assured that there was arsenic on the bread, he had sealed up the crumbs, and given the packet to the legal authorities. When had he done that? On the day of his examination as a witness—the fourteenth of August. When did he find the crumbs? On the seventh. Here was the arsenic, in this case, then, passing about from hand to hand, and not sealed up, for seven days. Had Surgeon Hébert any thing more to say? Yes, he had another little lot of arsenic to hand in, which a lady-friend of his had told him she had found on Marie's bed, and which, like the first lot, had been passed about privately for seven days, from hand to hand, before it was sealed up. To us, in these later and better days, it seems hardly credible that the judge should have admitted these two packets in evidence. It is, nevertheless, the disgraceful fact that he did so receive them.

Commissary Bertot came next. He and the man named Vassol, who had helped him to entrap Marie into prison, and to search her before she was placed in solitary confinement, were examined in succession, and contradicted each other on oath, in the flattest manner. Bertot stated that he had discovered the dust at the bottom of her pockets; had shaken it out on paper; had placed with it the little linen bag, containing a morsel of the sacramental wafer, which had been sewn to her petticoat; had sealed the two up in one packet; and had taken the packet to the proper office. Vassol, on the other hand, swore that *he* had shaken out the pockets, and had made up the packet; and that Bertot had done nothing in the matter but lend his seal. Contradicting each other in these details, both agreed that what they had found on the girl was inclosed and sealed up in *one* packet, which they had left at the office, neglecting to take such a receipt for it as might have established its identity in writing. At this stage of the proceedings the packet was sent for. Three packets appeared instead of one! Two were composed of paper, and contained dust and a little white powder. The third was the linen bag, presented without any covering at all. Vassol, bewildered by the change, declared that of these three separate objects, he could only identify one—the linen bag. In this case, it was as clear as daylight that somebody must have tampered with the single sealed packet which Bertot and Vassol swore to having left at the office. No attempt, however, was made to investigate this circumstance; and the case for the prosecution—so far as the accusation of poisoning was concerned—closed with the examination of Bertot and Vassol.

Such was the evidence produced in support of a charge which involved nothing less than the life or death of a human being.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—THE SENTENCE.

While the inquiry was in course of progress, various details connected with it found their way out of doors. The natural sense of justice among the people which had survived the corruptions of the time, was aroused to assert itself on behalf of the maid-of-all-work. The public voice spoke as loudly as it dared, in those days, in Marie's favor, and in condemnation of the conspiracy against her. People persisted, from the first, in inquiring how it was that arsenic had got into the house of Monsieur Duparc; and rumor answered, in more than one direction, that a member of the family had purchased the poison a short time since, and that there were persons in the town who could prove it. To the astonishment of every one, no steps were taken by the legal authorities to clear up this report, and to establish the truth or the falsehood of it, before the trial. Another circumstance, of which also no explanation was attempted, filled the public mind with natural suspicion. This was the disappearance of the eldest son of Monsieur and Madame Duparc. On the day of his grandfather's sudden death he had been sent, as may be remembered, to bring his father back from the country; and from that time forth he had never reappeared at the house, and nobody could say what had become of him. Was it not natural to connect together the rumors of purchased poison and the mysterious disappearance of this young man? Was it not utterly inconsistent with any proceedings conducted in the name of justice to let these suspicious circumstances exist, without making the slightest attempt to investigate and to explain them?

But, apart from all other considerations, the charge against Marie was, on the face of it, preposterously incredible. A friendless young girl arrives at a strange town, possessing excellent testimonials to her character, and gets a situation in a family every member of which is utterly unknown to her until she enters the house. Established in her new place, she instantly conceives the project of poisoning the whole family, and carries it out in five days from the time when she first took her situation, by killing one member of the household, and producing suspicious symptoms of illness in the cases of all the rest. She commits this crime having nothing to gain by it; and she is so inconceivably reckless of detection that she scatters poison about the bed on which she lies down, leaves poison sticking to crumbs in her pockets, puts those pockets on when her mistress tells her to do so, and hands them over without a moment's hesitation to the first person who asks permission to search them. What mortal evidence could substantiate such a wild charge as this? How does the evidence actually presented substantiate it? No shadow of proof that she had purchased arsenic is presented, to begin with. The evidence against her is evidence which attempts to associate her with the actual possession of poison. What is it worth? In the first place, the witnesses contradict each other. In the second place, in no one case in which powdered substances were produced in evidence against her had those powdered substances been so preserved as to prevent their being tampered with. Two packets of the powder pass about from hand to hand for seven days; two have been given to witnesses who can't produce them, or account for what has become of them; and one, which the witnesses who made it up swear to as a single packet, suddenly expands into three when it is called for in evidence!

Careless as they were of assuming even the common external decencies of justice, the legal authorities and their friends, the Duparcs, felt that there would be some risk in trying their victim for her life on such evidence as this, in a large town like Caen. It was impossible to shift their ground and charge her with poisoning accidentally; for they either could not, or would not, account on ordinary grounds for the presence of arsenic in the house. And, even if this difficulty were overcome, and if it were alleged that arsenic purchased for killing vermin had been carelessly placed in one of the salt-cellars on the dresser, Madame Duparc could not deny that her own hands had salted the hasty-pudding on the Monday, and that her servant had been too ill through exhaustion to cook the dinner on the Tuesday. Even supposing there were no serious interests of the vilest kind at stake, which made the girl's destruction a matter of necessity, it was clearly impossible to modify the charge against her. One other alternative remained—the alternative of adding a second accusation which might help to strengthen the first, and to degrade Marie in the estimation of those inhabitants of the town who were now disposed to sympathize with her.

The poor girl's character was so good, her previous country life had been so harmless, that no hint or suggestion for a second charge against her could be found in her past history. If her enemies were to succeed, it was necessary to rely on pure invention. Having hesitated before no extremes of baseness and falsehood, thus far, they were true to themselves in regard to any vile venture which remained to be tried. A day or two after the examination of the witnesses called to prove the poisoning had been considered complete, the public of Caen were amazed to hear that certain disclosures had taken place which would render it necessary to try Marie on a charge of theft as well as of poisoning. She was now not only accused of the murder of Monsieur de Beaulieu, but of robbing her former mistress, Madame Dumesnil (a relation, be it remembered, of Monsieur Revel's), in the situation she occupied before she came to Caen; of robbing Madame Duparc; and of robbing the shopwoman from whom she had bought the piece of orange-colored stuff, the purchase of which is mentioned in an early part of this narrative.

There is no need to hinder the progress of the story by entering into details in relation to this second atrocious charge. When the reader is informed that the so-called evidence in support of the accusation of theft was got up by Procurator Revel, by Commissary Bertot, and by Madame Duparc, he will know beforehand what importance to attach to it, and what opinion to entertain on the question of the unhappy prisoner's innocence or guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were now considered to be complete. During their progress Marie had been formally interrogated, in her prison, by the legal authorities. Fearful as her situation was, the poor girl seems to have maintained self-possession enough to declare her innocence of poisoning and her innocence of theft firmly. Her answers, it is needless to say, availed her nothing. No legal help was assigned to her; no such institution as a jury was in existence in France. Procurator Revel collected the evidence, Procurator Revel tried the case, Procurator Revel delivered the sentence. Need the reader be told that Marie's irresponsible judge and unscrupulous enemy had no difficulty whatever in finding her guilty? She had been arrested on the seventh of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. Her doom was pronounced on the seventeenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. Throughout the whole of that interval she remained in prison.

The sentence was delivered in the following terms. It was written, printed, and placarded in Caen; and it is here translated from the original French:

"The Procurator Royal of the Bailiwick and civil and criminal Bench and Presidency of Caen, having taken cognizance of the documents concerning the trial specially instituted against Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon, accused of poisoning; the said documents consisting of an official report of the capture of the said Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon on the seventh of August last, together with other official reports, etc.

"Requires that the prisoner shall be declared duly convicted,

"I. Of having, on the Monday morning of the sixth of August last, cooked some hasty-pudding for Monsieur Paisant de Beaulieu, father-in-law of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, in whose house the prisoner had lived in the capacity of servant from the first day of the said month of August; and of having put arsenic in the said hasty-pudding while cooking it, by which arsenic the said Monsieur de Beaulieu died poisoned, about six o'clock on the same evening.

"II. Of having on the next day, Tuesday, the seventh of August last, put arsenic into the soup which was served, at noon, at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc, her employers, in consequence of which all those persons who sat at table and ate of the said soup were poisoned and made dangerously ill, to the number of seven.

"III. Of having been discovered with arsenic in her possession, which arsenic was found on the said Tuesday, in the afternoon, not only in the pockets of the prisoner, but upon the mattress of the bed on which she was resting; the said arsenic having been recognized as being of the same nature and precisely similar to that which the guests discovered to have been put into their soup, as also to that which was found the next day, in the body of the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu, and in the saucepan in which the hasty-pudding had been cooked, of which the aforesaid Monsieur de Beaulieu had eaten.

"IV. Of being *strongly suspected* of having put some of the same arsenic into a plate of cherries which she served to Madame de Beaulieu, on the same Tuesday morning, and again on the afternoon of the same day at the table of Monsieur and Madame Duparc.

"V. Of having, at the period of Michaelmas, seventeen hundred and eighty, committed different robberies at the house of Monsieur Dumesnil, where she lived in the capacity of servant, and notably of stealing a sheet, of which she made herself a petticoat and an apron.

"VI. Of having, at the beginning of the month of August last, stolen, in the house of Monsieur Huet-Duparc, the different articles enumerated at the trial, and which were found locked up in her cupboard.

"VII. Of being *strongly suspected* of stealing, at the beginning of the aforesaid month of August, from the woman Lefévre, a piece of orange-colored stuff.

"For punishment and reparation of which offenses, she, the said Marie-Françoise-Victorie-Salmon, shall be condemned to make atonement, in her shift, with a halter round her neck, holding in her hands a burning wax-candle of the weight of two pounds, before the principal gate and entrance of the church of Saint Peter, to which she shall be taken and led by the executioner of criminal sentences, who will tie in front of her and behind her back, a placard, on which shall be written in large characters, these words: *Poisoner and Domestic Thief*. And there, being on her knees, she shall declare that she has wickedly committed the said robberies and poisonings, for which she repents and asks pardon of God and Justice. This done, she shall be led by the said executioner to the square of the market of Saint Saviour's, to be there fastened to a stake with a chain of iron, and to be burned alive; her body to be reduced to ashes, and the ashes to be cast to the winds; her goods to be acquired and confiscated to the king, or to whomsoever else they may belong. Said goods to be charged with a fine of ten livres to the king, in the event of the confiscation not turning to the profit of his Majesty.

"Required, additionally, that the said prisoner shall be previously submitted to the Ordinary and Extraordinary Torture, to obtain information of her accomplices, and notably of those who either sold to her or gave to her the arsenic found in her possession. Order hereby given for the printing and placarding of this sentence, in such places as shall be judged fit. Deliberated at the bar, this seventeenth April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. (Signed) Revel."

On the next day, the eighteenth, this frightful sentence was formally confirmed,

The matter had now become public, and no one could prevent the unfortunate prisoner from claiming whatever rights the law still allowed her. She had the privilege of appealing against her sentence before the parliament of Rouen. And she appealed accordingly; being transferred, as directed by the law in such cases, from the prison at Caen to the prison at Rouen, to await the decision of the higher tribunal.

On the seventeenth of May the Rouen parliament delivered its judgment, and confirmed the original sentence.

There was some difficulty, at first, in making the unhappy girl understand that her last chance for life had failed her. When the fact that her sentence was ordered to be carried out was at length impressed on her mind, she sank down with her face on the prison floor—then started up on her knees, passionately shrieking to Heaven to have pity on her, and to grant her the justice and the protection which men denied. Her agitation at the frightful prospect before her was so violent, her screams of terror were so shrill and piercing, that all the persons connected with the management of the prison hurried together to her cell. Among the number were three priests, who were accustomed to visit the prisoners and to administer spiritual consolation to them. These three men mercifully set themselves to soothe the mental agony from which the poor creature was suffering. When they had partially quieted her, they soon found her willing and anxious to answer their questions. They inquired carefully into the main particulars of her sad story; and all three came to the same conclusion, that she was innocent. Seeing the impression she had produced on them, she caught, in her despair, at the idea that they might be able to preserve her life; and the dreadful duty devolved on them of depriving her of this last hope. After the confirmation of the sentence, all that they could do was to prove their compassion by preparing her for eternity.

On the twenty-sixth of May, the priests spoke their last words of comfort to her soul. She was taken back again, to await the execution of her sentence in the prison of Caen. The day was at last fixed for her death by burning, and the morning came when the Torture-Chamber was opened to receive her.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE KISS.

"I saw him kiss your cheek!" "'Tis true."
"Oh, modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

BIRD-CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.

—In England, as well as upon the Continent of Europe, are found men who make a trade of catching the feathered songsters of the woods; and who avail themselves for the purpose of peculiar and secret arts, founded upon close observation of the manners and habits of their victims.

"Jingling for Robins,"

is a simple art, but it is founded upon close observation of nature. By not more occult processes men are jingled for by statesmen, bankers, dowagers, Jesuits, and crimps, every day. The jingler provides himself with a tame robin caged; a piece of timber about a foot square, to which is attached a net, which flies over it at the proper moment by means of a spring; and two penny-pieces of King George's reign. He selects a rural spot, deposits the cage on the board at the foot of a tree, retreats to a little distance, and then balancing the pennies, one on each forefinger, chinks them together. Now, if there is such a thing as a cock-robin in the vicinity, he immediately exposes himself. Birds, like men, have their weaknesses, and jealousy and inquisitiveness are the especial weaknesses of cock-robins. "Chink, chink!" is the call-note of the male bird to his mate; and an unwonted "chink" affects him to that degree that he is almost thrown off his perch. His ever-bright, round eyes, grow rounder and brighter, with all the keenness of curiosity and the greenness of green-eyed jealousy. "Chink, chink!" go the pence of that distinguished jingler, George IV. The deluded bird sets his head awry, and he says in his heart, "What the dickens does that mean, I should like to know." "Chink, chink! Chink, chink!" He can stand it no longer. His quick vision has detected the bird in the cage, and he sweeps down to demand an explanation of the stranger's intentions, and may be to require immediate satisfaction. But, alas! no sooner does the victim of his own passions alight on the board than the spring that hitherto withheld the net is released and incloses both the caged bird and the wild one.

"Trolling for Larks"

can only be followed in the dead of night. Selecting a meadow which larks are known to frequent, the snarers provide themselves with a long net. This is loaded all down one side with stones or leaden weights, to keep it close to the ground. Stretching the net out to its fullest extent, two men take a corner of the side that is not weighted, and slowly drag the field, until the fluttering and screaming of the poor little prisoners tell them they have made a good haul. All in the dark the men go on their knees, and thrusting their hands through the meshes, make their captures, which they slip into store cages. These are long wooden cages, with a round hole cut in the top, to which is fastened the leg of a stocking, which hangs loosely inside, thus making it an easy affair to drop the larks in, and an impossible one for them to get out again. It generally happens that as many larks are taken dead as alive by this system. Indeed it is almost impossible to take them at all, except with the assistance of two horses. This is explained by the fact that the sense of hearing is very acute in the lark—the slightest noise, if it be of an *unusual character*, alarming them. Now larks are used to the tramping of cattle, but not to the footsteps of men; sometimes, therefore, the snarers take each one of the dragging-ropes in their hand, and lead a horse by the bridle with the other; the birds are undisturbed by the tramping of the four-footed creature, and the bipeds, keeping step with the horses, are not detected.

"Lying out" for Nightingales

is practiced only by the most enthusiastic bird-catchers. It is almost without excitement: and, although the birds, when caught in prime singing condition, fetch a high price, the difficulty in catching them is so great as to make the trade unprofitable. This is how it is practiced. A trap exactly similar to the robin trap is used, only instead of a tame bird in cage, a hook is driven in the centre of the board, and on the hook is impaled a lively worm. The first thing is to discover a bush frequented by a nightingale. You must watch him into the bush, allow him to pass the night there, and see him well off in the morning, before you may set your trap. Then you dig the ground up within a few yards of the bush and bury the trap so that only the writhing worm in the middle of the net attached is visible; the net being as much the color of fresh earth as possible. Then you must retire and watch for the chance of the bird spying out the worm when he hops down to look for food in the morning. If the worm happens to be still alive, and its wriggling attracts the attention of the nightingale, then you have a chance of catching him; if not, you must wait until this lucky collusion of circumstances does occur.

In "Pegging" for Chaffinches,

again, you appeal to the nature of the bird, and, as jealousy is the ruin of the robin, so is pugnacity the downfall of the chaffinch.

Before you think of going pegging, you must get a thorough good pegging chaffinch. These birds are trained to the business. As soon as the new year's bird gives sign of coming into song (which you will know by the beak turning blue), you must put the cage in a stout black bag, and hang him up in his usual place. He will perhaps sulk a little at first; if so, he will require a little encouragement. It is astonishing what odd noises will bring him out—the rasping of a tobacco-pipe on the back of a knife, the frying of beef-steaks, or scraping a bow on a fiddle. In a little time he will pipe away as well in the black bag as he would out of it. Then, by degrees, you must use him to being handled. Stand his cage on the table at your elbow, carry him about the house, or in the garden, and if he'll stand all this, and sing as he goes, you may venture a pegging trip with him. If you have sufficient cruelty and hardness of heart, you can save yourself all the trouble of learning him to sing in a bag by putting the bird's eyes out. All good pegging chaffinches are either blinded or their eyes are "scaled." The blinding is effected by binding fine—very fine—needles to the end of a stick, making them red hot, and thrusting them into the little creature's eyes. The "scaling" is done by holding the red-hot needles very near the eyes till a white film covers them. This latter torture has the effect of blinding the bird for a time only—in a few months the film wears off, and he recovers his sight.

Besides the decoy bird, you will require a stuffed chaffinch—or "stall"—looking as much like life as possible. Then you must have half a dozen pegs. These are made of whalebone, and must be eight inches long, and about as thick as an ordinary meat skewer, fixed with the pointed half of a stout needle in one end.

Then you want some bird-lime; and good bird-lime it must be, or all your other preparations are of no avail. It should be so plastic that a piece the size of a small pea may be drawn out in a thread half a yard long.

When to "Peg."

A bright, warm May morning is the best time: and, supposing you to have every thing in perfect order—the pegs, the stall, the lime in a little tin box, and your decoy in his cage, tied in a handkerchief of the most unobtrusive color—you start off. When you get among the trees, you will presently hear, perhaps one, perhaps two chaffinches piping away over head. Now to business. Mark the tree that contains the stoutest singer, take out your pegs and lime, fasten the stuffed bird securely to one of the pegs, and smear another all over with bird-lime. Stick the perch on which stands the stuffed bird firmly into a tree adjoining the one containing the wild songster; and, about six inches above the "stall," drive the limed peg. Place the decoy (still in the handkerchief) at the foot of the tree. If he is a good bird, the singing of the wild chaffinch will stimulate to the utmost his exertions to drown the voice of the other; if he is a coward, the wild fellow is the conqueror, and the trained decoy will whine and "chirrup" pitifully. However, supposing him to be "a good brazen bird," the wild chaffinch will gradually work himself into a rage, and flutter here and there—screaming out his notes in defiance—to find the intruder. Presently his eye catches the stuffed bird on the peg; he has not the least doubt but that he has discovered the delinquent; with an angry cry, down he swoops sheer on to the stuffed bird's back: the sticky peg just above catches his pinions, and either he hangs there, or he brings the peg down with him, and runs screaming along the ground till you overtake him.

A Stunner.

Those clever decoy chaffinches, whose arts my friend the bird-trapper had described, interested me. Said I to him, "I should like to see one of those birds; have you got one?"

"No," he replied, with a mournful shake of the head; "I ain't got one. Pegging chaffinches is money; and that's what I ain't got neither. Ah! I know a finch now! he belongs to Ned White, he does; over in the Row."

"In the Row, eh? A publisher, I presume?" asked I.

"I don't know about a publisher," said he; "I only know he's a stunner. Why, that finch, Sir, once pegged five-and-forty birds from sun-up till noon! My eyes! But you won't match *him* from one end of Club Row to the other."

"And where is Club Row, my friend?" I asked, farther.

"Well, you see, there's a many ways of getting to it. There's the Bish'gate way, and the Church Street way, and the Brick Lane way; but I'll tell you what, if you like to go with me to-morrow morning, I'll not only show you the way, but the bird I was speaking on, too."

So it was agreed that I should meet him at eight o'clock on the following morning, at the railway station in Shoreditch; and, punctual to a moment, he was there.

Club Row!

We took the first street past the station, and in less than two minutes we were lost in such a congregation as I never saw before. Swarming in the narrow road, crowding the narrow, dirty pavement, peopling windows, and door-ways, and house-tops, and cellar openings, were thousands of men and boys, buying, and selling, and chaffering, and bargaining. There were infant donkeys, all legs and head, and old donkeys, all ribs and bare places; there were goats—chaise-goats, pet kids, and goats with venerable beards and villainous eyes; there were weasels, and ferrets, and terriers, and fancy lap-dogs, fantastically clipped and shaved; and moist-eyed, red-mouthed, horrid bull-dogs. There were rats for the rat-pits, and dormice, and white mice, and cats, whether Angola, Chinese, or Persian. There were geese, and Turkeys, and ducks, wild and domestic. But especially there were singing birds of every variety. Over this shop a starling, with his wings a-kimbo, screamed, and chattered, and abused a blackbird hanging a few feet off, who merely winked and whistled, like a dissipated, drunken, cobbler-looking bird as he was. Finches there were, of the "bull," and the "chaff," and the "gold" kind, who "piped," and "che-witted," and "chickweedoed," according to their respective dialects. Green-birds "b-r-r-e-e-z-ed;" and larks, hung in grimy cages, dancing madly on their six inches of turf, sang magnificently. I say madly, for their behavior can be accounted for in no other way; and I am convinced that Dr. Forbes Winslow would indorse my opinion, that of all the larks in Club Row, nineteen out of twenty are insane. I saw ravens, too, and jackdaws; but in Club Row they wore not the cunning, mischief-loving countenance peculiar to their kind. They rather presented a penitent and reformed air; but their nature is notoriously artful, and I'm afraid those birds employed their penitential moments in devising strange devilries for the time when they should be unwarily taken to the bosom of some unpretending and unsuspecting family.

CABLE CHARMS.

PENDANT from bracelet on her arm
She pointed to a cable charm;
Some rival's gift—my looks betrayed
A jealous pang—seen by the maid.
"Lady," I said, "were I but able
To send a current through that cable,
From the battery of my heart
I would to yours a flame impart;
But I fear that, of a surety,
I'd find a want of continuity."
The sprightly girl at once replied—
"This cable, Sir, you have not tried;
But telegraphing here, you'll find,
Differs from other's in its kind.
The cable, elsewhere, gives the sparks
Which make the telegraphic marks;
But here the sparks supply the cable,
And, by a slight poetic fable,
Flashes at times across it flit;
In short, it serves to sharpen wit,
The signals being nods, and sighs,
And such expression from the eyes,
As gives excuse for little chat,
Now on this, and now on that,
Which pave the way for more advances,
And give a meaning to the glances
Which every cunning woman can
Send out to you behind a fan;
And if, perplex'd, the suitor lingers,
These cable charms employ her fingers—
Just as a nun will count her beads
When a composed mind she needs—
Each added charm brought in collusion
Just serves to hide her own confusion,
And by these movements, if expert,
You tell the true one from the flirt,
And she detects the roguish larks
Of those who are mere empty sparks.
Thus, dear Sir, you can be able
To send a message through the cable,
And be assured more words 'twill yield
Than any laid by Morse or Field;
But then you must remember, too,
This, like the ocean cable, 's new,
It may require more wires than one
Before the experiment is done;
Each operator here may need
Time, that he the signs may read,
And, if he fail to make discov'ry,
The cable 's lost beyond recov'ry;
For who the pow'r can yet command
Of drawing cables from the strand?
Where it was laid it must remain,
With other trinkets on the chain.
Then let no gutta-percha charms
Beget in you such false alarms,
Nor think that in this cable 's lurking
A current which some rival's working;
But when you, through the wiry thing,
Have signalized a plain gold ring
On that finger—which is the part,
The poets say, leads to the heart—
A current 's form'd, to all futurity,
Of never-ending continuity."

DARNED STOCKINGS.

ONE chilly afternoon you might have seen a little girl about eleven years old sitting alone in a small parlor. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and Puss slept comfortably on the rug; the canary sang cheerily from his cage in the window, and even the stiff portrait of an old lady, which hung over the mantle-piece, seemed to smile because a ray of winter sun lay across its folded hands.

In fact every thing looked cheerful except Ruth, who sat on a stool with a very long face. Her whole hand and arm were thrust into a very long white stocking, and her fingers peeped out at the toes through holes which it was her afternoon's task to darn. She held a very long darning-needle, attached to a very "long yarn," and, according to the moderation she used in passing her needle back and forth, it would evidently take a very long time to mend the holes.

Ruth, indeed, looked quite miserable; and if you had used your eye-glass you might have discovered a tiny tear twinkling upon her eyelash.

After working indolently for a while Ruth dropped her hands into her lap and heaved a deep sigh. Puss looked up a moment, disturbed by the sudden motion, and then, with a wide gape, composed herself for another nap.

"I wish I were a cat!" sighed Ruth. She gazed vacantly at the fire.

"I wish I were a grown lady; then I could put out all my sewing. At any rate, I would *never* darn stockings!" Her eyes now raised themselves to the picture.

"I wonder if grandma ever worked. She always sits there with her hands before her. Happy picture! Oh, if I might sit with mine before me, and not feel that I *must* mend these horrid holes! Darning stockings is the most disagreeable work in the world!" Ruth stretched her arms, and a prick from the long needle reminded her of her duty. Immediately the corners of her mouth went down, and her stocking came up, and slowly the needle recommenced its journey.

The parlor door opened and a lady entered, carrying a deep basket, filled to the brim with unmended socks and stockings.

Ruth looked round, and groaned at the sight of them.

The lady, cheerfully coming forward, seated herself in the rocking-chair, and began looking over the contents of the basket. "Have you finished mending that stocking, Ruth?" said she.

"No, ma'am," sighed Ruth, despondingly.

"I am afraid you are not industrious, my dear."

"Oh, mother! how can I be, when I have all these dreadful holes to fill? I do *hate* to darn!"

"Are you not willing to help me a little when I have so *many* in the basket, dear Ruth?"

Ruth sighed. "Yes, mamma, I wish to help you, of course; but I wish it was upon any thing in the world but darning stockings. Why won't you put them out to be done, or have a seamstress come to the house?"

"We can not have *all* the goods and luxuries of this world, my daughter; and as I can only choose a *little*, I prefer to have our dresses made for us, and do the *mending* myself."

"How delightful it must be to have plenty of money! Oh, I do wish we were rich, and could keep a seamstress and a dress-maker too, like Mrs. Longpurse, over the way!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Oh, Ruth, don't be envious. Poor Mrs. Longpurse is a cripple. Her hands hang uselessly by her side. She would give all her riches only *to be able* to darn her own stockings at this moment."

"Well, then, mother, I would be willing to mend *all* the stockings, if I might just sew the holes over and over, instead of traveling back and forward, back and forward, and only get an inch ahead in half an hour."

"Sew them up!" exclaimed her mother, laughing. "Why, Ruth, that would be almost as bad as the way Miss Betsy Bluestocking mended hers."

"How was that, mamma?"

"She *pinned them up!*"

"Did she really, mamma?" said Ruth, amused.

"Yes, she did indeed. I saw her going up stairs once, and there were two pins, one in each heel, straining together two obstinate-looking holes, which promised very soon to break their bonds."

Ruth laughed heartily. "Oh, that was too bad! I would rather have gone with the holes gaping than to have *pinned* them together; wouldn't you?"

Her mother looked doubtful. "I suppose the holes let in the cold. I will tell you something stranger yet; for Betsy Bluestocking had no mother to teach her any thing, so there was some excuse for her; but, neat and particular as Mrs. Stitchintime is, she told me once that she *never* had mended a hole in her stocking in all her life."

"Oh, mamma, she shouldn't tell such fibs! She has spent a week at a time with us, and I have seen her, with darning needle and yarn, at work upon stockings, and she was a long time about it too."

"Both the lady and yourself tell the truth, my dear. She always *darns the thin places before they come to holes.*"

Ruth laughed again. "Oh, what a catch that was, mamma! Well, I suppose Mrs. Stitchintime goes upon the principle of that proverb about nine stitches—what is it, mother?"

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"Yes—that's it. Look, mamma! while we have been chatting here I have darned all the holes!" and with a cheerful face Ruth clipped off the shortened yarn.

"I am very glad, and much obliged to you," said the lady, taking the stocking. "It is nicely done, too. Now you may play with Puss; but, before you go, let us make a resolution always after this to follow Mrs. Stitchintime's rule, and never allow ourselves to darn a *hole* in our stockings again."

THE BUTTON:

AN EXPERIENCE OF A NEW YORK DETECTIVE, RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I EXPECT you've no idea how scientifically burglars do their work sometimes. It's a regular trade; I don't know but you might call it one of the arts and sciences. Folks generally think a burglar is a rough-looking villain, with a horrid face and bushy eyebrows, who breaks into any house or store where he thinks there's any thing worth taking, and kills every body that makes any resistance. Just let me show you a burglar (turning to the Rogues' Gallery), one of the best of them. There, that fellow, number 203; you wouldn't think *he* was a rascal; he looks more like an Episcopal minister, doesn't he? Now that fellow had as nice a kit of tools as you'd care to see. His "skeletons," with movable wards, were made with a polish on 'em. Give him a chance and he'd open any lock in town. He never "weeded" a place till he knew just where he was to go and what he was to do. If it was a store, he'd have been through it carefully, under the pretext of buying goods, or finding some Mr. Jones or other among the clerks. He'd find just the right time for his job, if he waited weeks. I suppose he *might*, possibly, quiet any body that disturbed him, if it was really necessary, and he had a large "swag," but he would avoid the risk of a murder from principle.

I was going to tell you of some smart work there was done some years ago by three men, down in Maiden Lane and thereabouts.

I think 'twas in the fall of the year, and for some weeks, every Monday morning regular, there came complaints to the Chief that some store had been entered and goods taken away without being charged. The Chief sent for the patrolmen of that ward, and was pretty sharp with them, telling them to keep extra look-out Saturday and Sunday nights, threatening to dismiss them if this sort of thing went on. But it did; and the merchants complained of the inefficiency of the police and all that; till, finally, the Chief declared he was ashamed of himself, and vowed something should be done.

One Monday morning three of us "specials" were sent for to "the Hall," and there we found a Maiden Lane merchant making a complaint. He kept a wholesale furnishing-store, and had found that morning that some few thousands' worth of goods had gone off on free-trade principles.

The Chief says to us:

"Now men, I want this little matter attended to *sharp*. I don't want to see you again till this Sunday trade is stopped. Go with this gentleman and he'll show you what's been done."

We saw the Chief was in earnest, and as we'd heard about the charges of inefficiency, we had our own pride up, and were determined to do all we could.

When we came to the store we took a general survey. The windows and doors were all right, no locks broken, nothing to show how any body could have got in or out, except in the regular way. We can often tell what "school" of thieves to suspect by the way the work has been done. In the "Hatters' Bank" case, for instance, as soon as we saw how neatly the job had been done, we had our suspicions at once. But here, all that there was out of the way was the boxes broken open and the goods gone. We didn't suspect the clerks or porter, for it wasn't likely that all the clerks and porters of the various stores that had been robbed were dishonest.

Well, there seemed a poor show for making much in this case, and our plan seemed to be to watch round for the next attempt, and meanwhile to "turn up" (search) some of the "fences" (receivers of stolen goods) to see if we could find any of the property; though it's only by chance that you ever make any thing that way, the "fences" are too "fly" (smart). But while examining the premises and discussing our plans we were all the while at work, learning the kind of goods taken, the store mark—that is, the cost and price marks fastened on the goods or written on them; we went over the whole store very carefully. The place had been swept out Saturday night, of course, and the rascals had done their work so quietly and thoroughly that there was no more litter about than if the goods had been taken down for some customer.

While overhauling some of the boxes we came upon a case of suspenders; the box had been roughly opened, and we found that out of the dozen three pairs only had been taken out. The rascals were *three*, then, we supposed. That was something learned, though it didn't amount to much. We looked about to see if we could find the old suspenders, for we thought they might have put the new ones on at once; but if they did they were "fly" enough not to leave any such mementoes behind them.

Just as we were coming away, Reed (one of us) picked up a rumpled newspaper that lay in a corner, and as he did so a button dropped out. He picked it up, and says he,

"Walling, see here; *this* may lead to it. It's all we've got, any how."

It was a black prunel button, coat size, and had evidently been worn, for the threads in it showed that it had come off somebody's coat. I thought that it might have come off the coat of one of the clerks, and as the pattern was rather peculiar—it had what they call a "dome centre," a new pattern then—we concluded to overhaul the coats of the establishment. No one had been with us when we found the button but one of the partners—the clerks were all below—and he took me down with him to make comparisons. We went through the closet where the clerks hung their coats—they usually wear linen coats or something cheap to work in—but we found no buttons to match. The partner said he was quite sure no such buttons had been worn by any one connected with the store; he should have observed it if there had been, the button was so peculiar. Indeed, as I said before, we hadn't suspected the clerks from the first.

Well, we came away, and says Reed to me and Shadbolt (the other officer), "That button's the only clue we've got to 'em, and it's my opinion we can get 'em by that."

He seemed to have so much faith, that I rather yielded to him, though I thought less of the chance than he seemed to. We reported progress, such as it was, at head-quarters, and Shadbolt and me were ordered to go into the button trade; Reed was wanted for something else, I forget what. The robberies that had been committed were important, in number and the amount taken, and we two officers were directed to give our whole attention to the matter, on whatever clue or in whatever way we thought best. We had nothing but the button, for the suspenders didn't promise much help in finding them, though they might serve to identify them when they were found; and after a consultation together, we concluded to try to find the rest of that set of buttons.

Well, we went to all the rendezvous of "cross-men" (thieves) all over the city, the drinking-saloons they frequent, the corners where they "loaf," the oyster-cellars, dance-houses, lodging-houses, the private "cribs," the low theatres, the pits and third tiers of more respectable places—*every where*; I should like to know where we *didn't* go! There was a race out to the Fashion Course, and we went there; and a regatta up the river, and we went there; and a launch over to Brooklyn, and we were there. And so it went on. By day we were every where where there was a crowd—and "cross-men" love a crowd where there's "thimbles," "props," and "dummies," to "prig" (watches, breast-pins, and pocket-books); your regular burglar doesn't go into that business much—that's interfering in another trade—but he likes to be along on such occasions; and at night we were at all such places as I've mentioned. We were at work three weeks. It seems a good while to think of, but it wasn't so long while we were at work, because it seemed all the time as if we were just agoing to succeed. We did think we'd got our man several times, but on working up alongside and taking out our button we'd find that it wouldn't match.

One night we were at the Chatham Street Theatre; I was up in the third tier, and Shadbolt was below, at the door. While I was looking quietly round, Shad comes up, all out of breath, and says he,

"There's three fellows just stopped at the ticket-hole, and one of 'em's got on the buttons, I think. I'm afraid they know me, so I'll keep shady."

"Well," says I, "you stay out in front till I call you or send for you."

"All right," says he, and he slips away, just as the three fellows come up. I was afraid they'd see him, but as they stopped at the bar a minute, he had a chance to get down stairs very prettily.

The light wasn't very clear up there, and I couldn't make out the shapes of their buttons; but as only one wore a black coat, I knew which one to steer for. I got up as if to change my seat, loafed out to the bar, and came in again and sat down right next to my man with the black coat. I looked over my play-bill very carefully, and at the same time took a side glance at his buttons. They were the same pattern as the one I carried in my pocket; and to make it a sure thing, one of the row of buttons was newer than the rest, and of a slightly different pattern, showing that one of the original set had come off and been replaced.

It wouldn't do to try to arrest them there, for there were more birds of that feather in the place, and they would have turned to and made a row, and in the confusion my birds would fly away; I couldn't be sure of more than one at any rate. So my plan was to "pipe" them (follow), and either nab them in the street, with Shadbolt's aid, or track them to their lodgings. It was rather late, and I hadn't long to wait. I knew that Shadbolt was on the look-out below, and at the "break-up" I followed my men down stairs. At the entrance the crowd was too great to try a nab and be sure of getting them all, so I "piped" along. I felt sure, from their looks, that they belonged to that ward, and I thought they'd run in somewhere close by; so, as I passed Shadbolt, I gave him the sign to stay where he was "till called for," and I followed the game. They went into two or three "lushing kens" (drinking places), and I waited for them, humbly, outside; and at last they started straight for "the Points."

In those days the Five Points was a much worse place than it is now—whether it's owing to the Mission Houses or to Captain Dowling I don't know—and as I walked along at a little distance behind my parties, I got my club out of my pocket and run it up my sleeve, so as to be ready for any thing. I knew the country I was going over pretty well, and had my eyes open, so I felt comfortable.

Well, I tracked the three young gentlemen into one of the shilling lodging-houses; and as you've been through these, you say, you know that one of those houses is a nice place to catch a rogue in. Dark, dirty, rickety stairs, winding round from story to story; back entrances and side entrances, underground passages, alley-ways leading to other streets; all sorts of ways to get in and out of these dirty rat-holes. I wasn't going in alone, not because I was afraid, but because I knew it would take at least two of us to catch them when we found them. I was pretty sure that the parties didn't think themselves watched by their manner; and as they'd been drinking a good deal, I thought they'd be sure to go right to bed. But though I wanted Shadbolt, it wouldn't do for me to leave; they might have gone in only on some business, and be coming out, and then, if I was away, they'd get off. I didn't know just what to do then, but a man happened to come hurrying along as I was standing in the door, who looked "square" (honest)—there was a gas-light close by—and says I to him,

"Friend, will you do me a favor?"

He looked scared to be spoken to by any one just there and then, but he stopped, and said he would if he could. So I asked him to go to the theatre, as it was in the way he was going, and tell a man he'd find near the door—I described Shadbolt—that some one wanted him at that corner where I was. He said he would, and went on, and presently Shadbolt came along. Well, we talked over our plans a little, and then we went and got the landlord of the house—he was a sub-landlord, and dealt directly with the tenants—and got him to take a lantern and go through the house with us. If we'd have gone alone, rapping at the doors, and asking the people to open, the thieves would have smelt rat, and got away somehow; but we knew they would recognize the landlord's voice, and so open and let us in. Well, we went from room to room, turning up a bed here and a bed there, and, finally, we came to a room where the landlord knocked several times, and at last there was a "Who's there? What's wanted?" I recognized the voice in a minute; it was the young fellow I'd sat next to in the theatre; and I whispered to Shadbolt that we'd got to the right place. The landlord made them get up and open the door, and as soon as there was a crack I put my foot inside, so they couldn't slam it to and lock it when they saw us. As they opened the door very slowly and cautiously, I seized the lantern, gave the door a shove, and stepped in. There he was.

"Dress yourself, young man," says I.

"Get up, boys," says he, without replying to me.

"What's up?" says one of them.

"Why, d—n it, we're 'copped!'" says he, for he knew Shadbolt right off.

They didn't make any trouble, dressed themselves quietly, and we took them off. As they were dressing we recognized the suspenders. All three of them had on suspenders alike, and of a pattern the same as those in the store. So in about ten minutes from that time we had them "in hock" (the cells). It was a good long chase, night and day for three weeks, and there was some satisfaction in having at last done our work, especially as we had so small a clue to begin on.

Wait a minute: the best part's to come yet. We'd caught the thieves, but we hadn't recovered all the "swag" they'd been collecting so long. Of course it was a good thing that we'd got them, so that they couldn't trade for some time; but there had been some thousands of dollars' worth of goods stolen, and we wanted to get some, if not all, of that.

We managed this very neatly, but I can't tell you just how it was done. There are some tricks in our trade that it wouldn't do to have the "cracksmen" of the city know, as they would, of course, if they were printed.

It was somehow in this way: Say that next morning an old man comes to see the three fellows we've caught; say that some one of our officers, loafing round, suspects him to be a friend of one of the "fences" he'd "turned up" a little while before; say that we think the old man has come to see the boys, and promise to help them all he can on condition that they won't "squeak" on their "fence" (expose him); say that we offer every facility for conversation between the parties through the grated doors of the cells, and that an officer is so situated as to hear all that is said. This being the arrangement, it is not difficult for some one to "pipe" that old man home, overhaul his premises, and find lots of "swag." Never mind just how it was done; anyhow, we got about seven thousand dollars' worth from that "fence," and had him "sent up" for two years and four months, and the three young gentlemen went along to keep him company. The goods we found were claimed not only by parties in Maiden Lane, but by Brooklyn merchants, and one lot by a lace merchant on Broadway.

We got a good deal of credit for the way we worked the case, and I think myself there wasn't any thing to be ashamed of about it.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

The accompanying engraving represents a majority of the vessels composing the great Paraguay expedition. The entire list of the squadron is as follows:

Frigate *Sabine* (flag-ship—W. Brandford Shubrick, Commodore), Captain Adams.
Frigate *St. Lawrence*, Captain Hull.
Sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, Commander Farrand.
Sloop-of-war *Preble*, Commander Jenkins.
Brig-of-war *Dolphin*, Commander Steedman.
Brig-of-war *Bainbridge*, Lieutenant Renshaw.
Brig-of-war *Perry*, Lieutenant Tilghman.
Steamer-of-war *Fulton*, Lieutenant Almy.
Steamer-of-war *Water Witch*, Lieutenant Pegram.
Steamer-of-war *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce.
Steamer *Memphis*, Commander Marchand.
Steamer *Atalanta*, Commander Ridgely.
Steamer *Caledonia*, Commander Case.
Steamer *Southern Star*, Commander Pennock.
Steamer *Westernport*, Commander T. T. Hunter.
Storeship *Supply*, Lieutenant Stanly.

Some of these vessels are on foreign stations at present, and could not be included in our picture. Thus the *Bainbridge* is on the coast of Africa, while the *St. Lawrence*, *Falmouth*, *Preble*, and *Perry* are all on the coast of Brazil; the *Sabine*, the flag-ship, in our own waters. This fine vessel, which was kindly photographed for us by Mr. Brady, will, together with the *Harriet Lane*, *Water Witch*, *Fulton*, etc., give the public a very fair idea of the squadron.

The little *Water Witch*, which figures so prominently in the accompanying engraving, is, in a measure, the cause of the expedition. In the fall of 1853, while engaged in a scientific exploration and survey of the Parana and Paraguay rivers, she was wantonly fired upon, by orders of Lopez, from the Paraguayan fortress of Itapira. The pretext for the outrage was the unwillingness of Lopez to suffer any foreign vessel to enter the waters of his state; and as he has always refused to make any compensation either for the affront or for the injury (the *Water Witch* was hulled, and one man was killed), it is presumable that he still adheres to the policy which dictated the act. It will now devolve on Commodore Shubrick and Commissioner Bowlin to endeavor to awaken him to juster views of international comity.

The plan of the expedition is thus given, on seemingly official authority, in the *Herald:*

> "The plan of the Government is, we understand, after the fleet has made its rendezvous at Buenos Ayres, to send up Commissioner Bowlin to Asuncion in one of the small steamers, with demands on the Government of Lopez for full and immediate satisfaction; the remainder of the squadron ascending the river as far as circumstances will permit, and at a supporting distance. Should he fail, the squadron will be put in motion, and all the vessels drawing from nine to twelve feet will push on to their work, and the remainder will lie at the bar at the mouth of the Parana, and maintain a vigorous blockade of the Paraguay. This itself will be a serious blow to Lopez, as it appears by the reports made to the Secretary of State by the late Consul, that since the attempt of the American company, steamers and trading vessels, doing a very considerable business, most of them the property of Lopez, are now multiplying on the river."

It is not likely that the expedition will confine its labors to Paraguay. While it is on the coast of South America, it will probably settle all our outstanding accounts with the nations of that part of the world. The squadron is the finest we have ever sent abroad in time of peace; let us hope that it will do its duty in a manner worthy of the gallant officers who sail under Commodore Shubrick.

THE THREE POETS.

When the mist of the morning rose on high
A lark went singing up the sky,
Singing and shining in the sun,
Bright with the day ere the day begun.

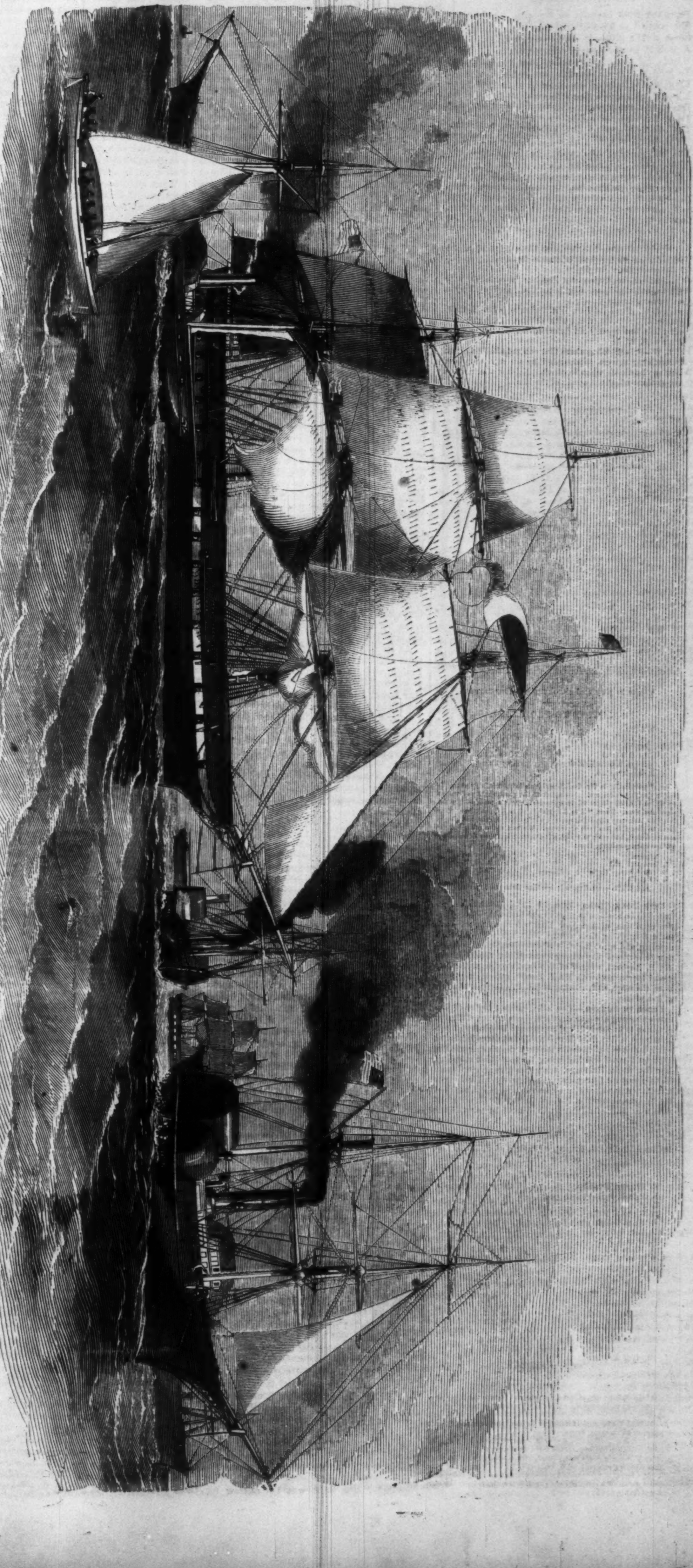
"I am the bird of morn," sang he,
"And the morn, I think, is made for me;
Its earliest light caresses my wing,
And it always rises when I sing!"

The mist rose higher in the sky,
As a noble poet wandered by;
He saw the bird, and he heard its song,
And he smiled, for his faith in himself was strong.

"Sing on, little bird, and soar and shine,
You can never o'ertake these thoughts of mine;
And for my songs, when the songs do come,
Let the whole world hear them and be dumb."

But now the sun rose, as of old,
In all his pomp of purple and gold:
The lark was drowned in a sea of light,
And the poet dropped from his giddy height.

"There is no poet," the poet said,
"Like the beautiful, bright, old Sun overhead;
Never a word does he sing or say,
But his smile is the golden poem—Day!"



THE PARAGUAY SQUADRON.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. D. (Philadelphia).—There must be some error in the transcription of the position sent, as it is obviously wrong. As regards your solution of Problem I., in common with many of our correspondents, you *have got the pig by the wrong ear.* (*Vide* solution below—this also to D. Y., J. M., and I. R.)

J. K., L. F., and D. C.—Your solutions to Mr. C.'s beautiful Problem are the only true ones that have come to hand.

J. G. (Brooklyn), H. S. (Baltimore), and some others.—C. H. S. is much gratified to see his old friends already flock around him in his new position. Much matter is on hand for early attention. By-the-way, several letters are to hand from other wielders of the goose-quill in Caissa's cause (nothing offensive, gentlemen, intended), on the subject of exchanging with *Harper's Weekly.* All applications must be made to the publishing department of the paper.

"Canfield" (Utica).—The neat little skirmish at the odds of Queen's Knight is laid aside for—in all probability—future use.

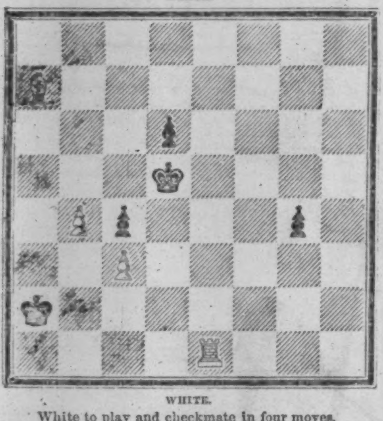
K. G.—Your three-move Problem is certainly very pretty, but *slightly* wanting in originality. We give you a diagram, however.

E. J. G. (Fond du Lac, Wisconsin), and Dr. N. C. R. (Philadelphia).—Received with thanks. Due attention may be relied upon. *Ad interim,* Dr. R. will see answer to S. W. D.

L. S.—It is the King alone that can not Castle over an intervening square commanded by an adverse piece. Nor can he Castle when in check. Neither of the above regulations affect the action of the Rook.

PROBLEM II.—BY K. G.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM I.

White.	Black.
1. Q × B (*a*)	P × Q
2. R × Kt (ch)	R to R 2
3. R to B 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2
4. R from R 6 to K B 6	Any thing
5. R checkmates.	

(*a*) A peculiarity in Mr. Cook's problems is particularly exemplified in this fine stratagem. We allude to the great variety of means by which the first player might *apparently* effect a mate within the stipulated time. Thus, "R to B 8 (ch)," "Q to B 8 (ch)," or "Q to B 6," all look very attacking moves; but in neither case can checkmate be *forced* in less than six moves. We can spare room but for one variation, however, to which our attention has been directed by various correspondents, thus:

White.	Black.
1. R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to R 2
2. Q to B 8	Kt to K Kt
3. Kt × Kt	P to Kt 4

And White can not mate in less than three more moves.

New York Chess Club, 29 *Bond Street.*—We are happy to be enabled to report most favorably of the present condition of the New York Chess Club, which is more flourishing than ever. Meetings are held each evening, and some matches of considerable interest are now in course of play among its members. That between Dr. B. Raphael, winner of the fourth prize at the late grand tournament with Mr. F. Perrin, attracts much notice; the score, so far, being in Mr. P.'s favor at the rate of five to one.

Chess in Europe.—The all-absorbing topics of discussion among the amateurs and chess *savans* of Europe continue to be the brilliant successes and wonderful performances of Mr. Paul Morphy. Latest dates inform us of his continued advance in the great match now pending between himself and Harrwitz; the score then standing, Morphy, four; Harrwitz, two; the former gentleman having won his four games consecutively, without even a *draw.* After Harrwitz comes Anderssen, and next our old friend and *monitor,* Howard Staunton. May the best man win! and, of all things, the best of humor continue to prevail!

GAME IV.

Between Messrs. St. Amant, of Paris, and C. H. Stanley, of New York.

(*Sicilian opening.*)

White, *Stanley.*	Black, *St. Amant.*
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2. P to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3
5. B to Q 3	Q B to Kt 5
6. P to K R 3	Q B to R 4
7. Kt to Q 5	Kt to K B 3
8. P to K Kt 4	B to K Kt 3
9. Q to B 2	Kt × Kt
10. B P × Kt	Q to K B 3 (*a*)
11. P × Q Kt	Q × K Kt
12. P × Q Kt P	Q × R (ch)
13. K to K 2	Q R to Q
14. Q to R 4 (ch)	K to K 2
15. Q to B 6	K to B 3
16. B to Q B 2 (*b*)	Q × R P (*c*)
17. Q to B 8	K to Kt 4
18. P to Q 4 (dis. ch)	K to R 5
19. Q × R (check)	

Black resigns (*d*).

Notes.

(*a*) An enticing sort of move, and one apt to take the fancy of a player in an off-hand game. It is risky, however, as the sequel will show.

(*b*) With the benevolent intent, no doubt, of advancing his Queen's pawn, and thus unmasking the attack of Q B.

(*c*) "K B to K 2" would, probably, have prolonged the game; but its ultimate loss has been a fixed fact for some moves.

(*d*) The above game was played, with others, on occasion of an entertainment extended to M. St. Amant by the amateurs of New York, when that distinguished player passed through this city, some years since. The result of eight games thus contended was the scoring of four games by each party.

COUSIN JOHN.

My gracious, Hannah, if you ain't a sight to behold! Laud sakes! child, where have you been all the morning? Here we've most done dinner, and there ain't nothing fit to eat, I don't believe. We've just ate up the last of them berry pies. But my sakes! child, you look as if you'd had berries enough for one spell—your mouth and hands is all black with 'em now.

Aunt Myra's tongue, if possible a more untiring member than even her ever-busy hands, might have run on in an uninterrupted flow for an hour longer had not the current of her ideas been checked by a turn so startling and sudden that the conversational tide overflowed its banks in one "Bless my soul!" of such fullness and energy, that it seemed to have exhausted her well-springs of language, and put a temporary stop to the torrent of words.

The cause of the interruption was simply this. When Aunt Myra first beheld me, mud-stained, and berry-stained, heated, tired, and hungry, her motherly compassion for my condition made her, for the moment, forgetful of every thing but my wants; but following the direction of my eyes, her own rested upon an apparition which filled me with dismay, and made my cheeks blaze redder than the July sun had done before, blushing first at the thought of my appearance, and then more and more with shame that I should have blushed at all, till the tears fairly started to my eyes from very vexation. And the source of all this disturbance was neither more nor less than a rather handsome and very well-dressed young man, who sat at the dinner-table calmly finishing the last piece of Aunt Myra's lamented berry pie, and between the mouthfuls taking a cool and impartial survey of myself, and, if I might judge from the half-smile that lurked in the corners of his eyes, forming a not too favorable estimate of my personal attractions.

I have no vanity, I feel sure of that; but no girl could help feeling vexed to make her first appearance before a person whom she had heard talked about for the last three weeks, as I had Mr. Hampton (I knew at the first glance it was he), looking as I did then, my dress muddy and wet, and torn by the briers, my hair half fallen down, my face heated, and, worst of all, my lips and teeth blue as indigo from the berries I had been eating all the morning.

Cousin John stood looking on, silent as usual, but I believe in his heart not sorry to see me looking my ugliest before the stranger. However, I felt grateful to him for putting an end to the embarrassing scene by carrying Mr. Hampton off with him to the marshes.

As soon as they were gone I ran up to my own room and had a good cry—I had been such a fool. I might at least have explained how I got my dress so wet and dirty; that in trying to take a shorter way home, I crossed the brook, and, slipping off one of the stepping-stones, fell into the water. But I never think of any thing at the right time; and any explanation afterward only makes one appear ridiculous. It was no indication of vanity, certainly, that I tried on that night to make myself look as well as possible; and if I did spend more time than usual in persuading every perverse curl to stay in its proper place, it was surely no more than was required to remove the unfair impressions of the morning.

I dreaded meeting them again, so I waited till tea was all ready, and then quietly slipping into the room was introduced as we sat down at the table. There was nothing in Mr. Hampton's manner to revive my annoyance, but Cousin John gave me a comical little look which made me feel vexed all the evening. Some persons' looks speak so plainly that they seem to have no need of words to express themselves, and Cousin John is evidently of that opinion, if one may judge from his sparing use of the organs of speech. At that time especially, I remember, for days together, it would seem to me that he hardly spoke ten words, but would sit there hearing every word that *we* said, and making his comments in his own mind. It is a very provoking way, and used to make me feel so constrained that I dare say I must have appeared very silly and awkward. But Mr. Hampton never seemed to be conscious of it at all, but rattled away, sense or nonsense as it might happen to be, and certainly made himself very agreeable. I used to wonder, when Cousin John had said so much to me of Mr. Hampton being his friend in College, and such a good fellow, that he did not seem to enjoy his visit more. It could not be envy; for though Mr. Hampton was certainly more elegant in dress and some little matters, no one could ever be more a true gentleman than Cousin John, even in his overalls and farm boots; besides, of course, he must have been glad that we all liked his friend. Whatever might have been the cause, the fact was that all the time Mr. Hampton staid at the farm Cousin John seemed to have taken a vow of silence; and just from common civility I was obliged to exert myself to supply his deficiencies as far as I could, and do all in my power to entertain his guest, which was not by any means a difficult task, for I never saw any one more inclined to be pleased, or more willing to do his share in pleasing others.

One lovely morning as we sat at breakfast (an early meal at the farm), Aunt Myra proposed to us to ride over to the old saw-mill—a place which, dignified by some name worthy of its beauties, might have led romantic tourists many a mile out of their way, and have become a centre of attraction to all the seekers of the picturesque throughout the county.

Aunt Myra's proposal met a ready acceptance from us all. It was one of those bright, breezy, exhilarating mornings when it seems easier to do any thing than to sit down quietly within doors, so we were soon mounted upon such horses as the farm could furnish and cantering gayly along, all three abreast; but soon we turned into one of those lovely little wood-roads, where the trees meet overhead, and our horses' feet make no sound on the soft carpet of pine-leaves that lie thick on the ground. The road was too narrow for three horses, and Cousin John said he would ride on in front to show us the way; but I suppose he remembered that I already knew it, as he was soon out of sight. We tried to overtake him; but Mr. Hampton's horse was either tired or very lazy, for he could not make him go faster than a walk. So it was a long time before we reached the mill, and we had a great deal of conversation by the way. Mr. Hampton talked about country life; he said he was tired of the city, and thought of buying himself a farm somewhere in the county, and interesting himself in agriculture. I suggested that in a country neighborhood like ours he would find great lack of society; but he said, surrounded by such beautiful nature, he should never want more society than that of one or two friends, and if he—What more he was going to say I do not know; for just at that moment my horse gave a sudden start, and continued to prance and jump for five minutes, so that Mr. Hampton was afraid I should be thrown, and tried to persuade me, when Nelly at last stood still enough for me to dismount, to let him ride her, while I took old Ben. But I was confident I could manage little Nelly, and, indeed, for the rest of the ride she was as gentle as a lamb. But Mr. Hampton's plan of farming-life was not mentioned again.

When we arrived at the mill, there was Cousin John's horse, but its rider was nowhere visible. We called him, but received no answer, so we strolled off to the waterfall, and there we found him, sitting on a rock, throwing pebbles into the water. He was so deeply engrossed in this absorbing occupation that he did not look up till we spoke to him, and then I thought he seemed rather out of temper, though I do not know what could have vexed him. However, we all sat down together a little while to rest, and the water rushing over the great stones in its bed was so noisy, and withal so musical, that it was no wonder we all grew silent as we sat there listening to it. At last Mr. Hampton started up, saying that he wished to trace the course of the brook higher up; he was convinced we should find it beautiful enough to repay us for the walk. I could not refuse to go with him, especially as it was his last day with us (his visit had already extended far beyond its intended limits, and to-morrow he must certainly leave us). So we went, without Cousin John, who, rather ungraciously I thought, declined to accompany us on the pretext of being tired; though how a man who can swing a scythe from sunrise to sunset could be tired by an eight miles' ride I did not know.

There was a grassy path along the corner of the brook—a remnant, perhaps, from its working days, where, in winter, logs were dragged down to the saw-mill—but, encroached upon by the bushes and young trees, the cart-road was narrowed to a mere footpath. We wandered on and on, every turn of the brook showing us new and more enticing glimpses of beauty, and leading us farther than we should have gone, till at length I felt really tired, and was glad to consent to Mr. Hampton's proposal that we should sit down on the trunk of a tree which had fallen partly over the brook and rest. The woods were full of blackberries, and, making a basket of some large leaves, he went off, and soon brought it back to me full of berries. "I am almost as much of an expert in this branch of woodcraft as Miss Annie herself," said he, with a smile which showed very well he had not forgotten our first meeting, and I took courage then to tell him something of the annoyance I felt at my absurd appearance on that day. "First impressions, you know," I said, "are so often indelible." "They are, indeed," said he. "Little did I think when you entered Aunt Myra's door-way, and stopped short, blushing like a wild rose-bud, how the whole course of—" "Mercy!" screamed I, "there goes my handkerchief into the water! Please catch it; there, it's stopped by that stone!" and, not waiting for Mr. Hampton's assistance, I rescued it myself, and brought it, dripping, to shore upon the end of a long stick.

Being roused to animation by this little incident, I found myself quite sufficiently refreshed to walk back to the mill, which we did at a very brisk pace, having no occasion now to loiter in admiration of the scenery which was no longer new to us.

We found Cousin John just where we left him, and I sat down by him and gave him an account of the beauties he had missed, and made him promise to follow the brook up with me himself some future day. Here Mr. Hampton, looking at his watch, remarked that we had barely time to reach home before dinner, and Aunt Myra might be anxious if we were late; so we mounted and rode home. We were all tired and silent—hungry, perhaps.

The afternoon I spent in my own room. After tea we were all in the garden; Cousin John, seized with an untimely fit of industry, diligently weeding the strawberry bed, and I, perhaps inspired by emulation, trying to train up a climbing rose. Some of the branches were too high for me, and Mr. Hampton begged to be allowed to assist me.

"I have been rather a lazy fellow most of my life," said he; "but I mean to reform, and perhaps you will give me my first lesson in usefulness. If you knew how much pleasure it gives me to be able to do even a little thing for you, and to feel that I am earning—"

"A dollar a day," said I.

He took no notice of my impertinent interruption. He did not seem to hear it, though he stopped short in what he was saying, and abruptly exclaimed:

"Miss Annie, I must leave the farm early to-morrow morning: too early to hope to see you. I have spent here the six happiest weeks of my life. I never knew what life might be before, and now that—"

The conclusion of his sentence was suddenly cut short by the most furious outbreak of barking and cackling combined, accompanied by distracted cries of "Hannah, Hannah!" from Aunt Myra. I rushed to her assistance, and succeeded in capturing and carrying off in disgrace the cause of the disturbance, a vicious little terrier, who had found some means of getting into the poultry-yard, and was making sad havoc among the broods of young ducks and turkeys.

The next morning, after breakfast, Cousin John asked me if I would ride with him again. I consented, of course, feeling a little surprised, for he always devoted his mornings to work. He turned his horse's head down the mill-road, and after a few commonplace remarks about the beauty of the morning and the scenery, he sank into entire silence; but this was not so unusual with him as to excite in me any speculation with regard to its cause.

When we came to the fallen tree we sat down as before, and then Cousin John began to speak.

"Annie," said he—in such a strange, forced voice that it frightened me; I thought at first that he was angry with me; that I had offended him in some way—"Annie," he went on, with a little hesitation, "I have made a promise, undertaken a charge, which is difficult to execute. I must speak to you upon a matter where a third person's intervention is embarrassing, and I had better speak at once, that I may keep my word honorably. Hampton wished very much to see you again before he went away; he had much to say to you that he felt unwilling to write; he tried to say it yesterday, but was interrupted. In short [and here Cousin John's manner grew more than ever cold and severe]—in short, he loves you, and wishes to make you his wife; but felt so much discouraged by something in your manner yesterday, that he dares not see you again or write to you until I can give him some hope of such an answer as he wishes. I ought, in justice to him, to say that I have a great respect for his character and talents, and think he would make you very happy, if—you love him."

Cousin John stopped, waiting for my answer, but none came. "I must write to him, Annie," said he; "what shall I say?" Still no answer; till at last it came, in violent, irrepressible sobs—no tears, only those choking sobs. "Annie! what is the matter? My dear Annie, what have I said? Dear, dear little Annie! My *own* Annie!" Then came the tears—a full flood—but they were wept on his breast, and his hand wiped them away.

I do not know what answer Cousin John wrote to Mr. Hampton; but, after all, I do not think he could have been unhappy very long, for he had only known me six weeks.

I always loved the country; and Cousin John thinks, under Aunt Myra's training, I shall make the best of farmer's wives—certainly the happiest.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Uncle. "George, have you got a pocket-book?"

Nephew. "No, Sir."

Uncle. "Then I am very sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to put in it."

(George visits his uncle again, fortified with a large wallet.)

Uncle. "George, have you got a pocket-book yet?"

Nephew (whose countenance brightens up). "Yes, Sir."

Uncle. "Oh! then, I am quite sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to buy one."

Some five or six years ago, on one of the lower circuits of Arkansas, a negro was on trial for the murder of his master. The proof was positive—he had confessed the murder. There was no occasion for any argument to the jury, but the prosecuting attorney (since elevated to the bench) made a vehement address to the jury, and in his peroration (having spoken more than an hour), with excited looks, distended nostrils, and sinking voice, turned to the poor stupid negro, who was looking at him in amazement (possibly thinking him crazy), and pointing his quivering finger in the criminal's face, exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "Oh, you monster in human shape! shake not your gory locks at me, for, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, 'as Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man!'" and took his seat, the drops of sweat dripping from his face. The reader can easily imagine the effects of such a speech upon the court, bar, and bystanders.

Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they *did not* see him steal it. The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said, "If there are twelve who *did not* see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

THE SENIOR WRANGLER TO HIS BRIDE.

Being a Mathematical Madrigal in the simplest form.

Charmer, on a given straight line,
And which we will call BC,
Meeting at a common point A,
Draw the lines AC, AB.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it,
That they're equal, all the three:
Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
All their angles, too, are equal.

Equal angles, so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother,
Equal—oh, divine ecstatics—
Based on Hutton's mathematics!

A Curious Advertisement.—For Sale: A handsome young bird dog. Any sportsman in want of a good bred dog to swim after his own heart, can find such cheap, by applying, etc.

Among the many ancient tombstones in the "Pawtucket Cemetery" at Haverhill, Massachusetts, is one from which the following inscription is copied:

John Swoddock.
Died February, 13, 1707-8,
and in ye 76 year of his
age.
He lived honestly all his life,
Died aged and never had a wife.

How to make a Lady stick out her little Finger.—The best way of securing this effect is to put on the finger in question a handsome diamond ring. The mere desire to display the diamond to the best advantage is sure to make the lady stick out her little finger in the most charming manner possible. When the effect begins to fail, substitute another ring of greater brilliancy. Success must attend these repeated efforts.

A Hartford paper asks why the Atlantic cable is like a turnip?—Because the thing never was beet!

A waggish candidate coming, in the course of his canvass, to a tailor's shop, "What we look for here," said he, "are measures, not men."

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

Douglas Jerrold said there was no finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church.

At a party once the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage—the other convenient subject besides the weather, when every other fails. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously (as she explained) said, "If I were you, and you me, I would have married long ago."

The wind was blowing a gale. As I passed the corner of Winter and Tremont streets, I noticed a crowd of persons looking upward. I found my old friend, Mr. Brown, in the midst—all eyes were centred on his observations. At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him and asked:

"What is it, Sir? What is it?"

"Nothing; oh nothing, my friend—I was only looking to see how high the wind is."

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato-patch or a flower-garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

"The most quiet place I know," said Zekiel, "is W——, in Mississippi; there's no quarrel, nor rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another, he's quietly shot down, and that is the last of it."

By Telegraph, from our Indiana Correspondent.

What popular singer does crushed Indian corn, steeped in vinegar, remind you of? *Pickle' hominy! (Piccolomini!—Oh!)*

A witty dentist, having labored in vain to extricate a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology, "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

Cannibalism and Education.—When the inhabitants of Ningpo, China, saw the acts of benevolence which were performed by an enthusiastic but somewhat eccentric English lady, who at an advanced age and in the possession of a handsome competency, had chosen that far-away city as her sphere of usefulness, they were heard to say among themselves, "It is not true; she does not eat the children." They had evidently been taught that the school she had sought to establish was but a trap whereby she proposed to herself the means of obtaining cannibal delicacies.

Look at Home.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaller; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "Yes, John; you must look at your circumstances and mine!" "Verra true, Sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I can not tell you that." "Weel, Sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, Oct.* 11, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been very heavy for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. The supplies have exceeded the requirements of home dealers, who have been the principal buyers. Holders have been anxious to sell, and prices have declined materially.... Cotton opened vigorously, but closed tamely at reduced rates .... Provisions have been plenty and depressed.... Groceries have been in fair demand. Molasses is lower; other articles are essentially unchanged. On Saturday, October 9, 50 tierces New Crop Rice brought $4 00 per 100 pounds....Naval Stores, Hides, Hay, and Tobacco have attracted considerable attention....Wool has been rather less sought after, yet it has been rather stiffly held....Dry Goods have been less freely dealt in, and prices of other than the most desirable styles (which have been scarce and firm) were lower and irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $934,268 against $776,738 the corresponding week of last year.... The value of the imports since January 1 reached $48,703,181 against $82,847,300 the same week last year ....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and uproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 00	@	$4 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 75	@	5 00
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 70	@	5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	5 00	@	8 25
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 25	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 90	@	6 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 25	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 12	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	77	@	1 22
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	70	@	74
Rye, per bushel	75	@	76
Barley, per bushel	1 00	@	1 05
Western Oats, per bushel	48	@	51
State Oats, per bushel	45	@	48
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	40	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	13¼	@	13½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 50	@	16 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 25	@	14 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11
State Butter, per pound	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	4½	@	8½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	32	@	43
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	22½
Hops, new, per pound	12	@	16
Hops, per pound, 1857	6	@	8
Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	75
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 81½	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@	—
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 37½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 70	@	1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	73	@	74
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat firmer for Beeves, which were even less freely offered, while the demand was fair....Milch Cows were in limited request at unchanged prices....Veal Calves were dull and heavy....Sheep and Lambs were less plenty, yet they were sparingly sought after, and prices were languid....Swine were abundant and in request, at, however, slightly-reduced rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Sept. 29.	Week ending Oct. 6.
Beeves	4,0 5	3,785
Milch Cows	170	206
Veal Calves	575	629
Sheep and Lambs	12,386	10,862
Swine	8,687	12,086

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio	1060	Indiana	209
New York	877	Michigan	66
Illinois	492	Pennsylvania	43
Kentucky	352		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	7½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been more active, the supplies and demand having been generally good. Prices of the principal commodities have been sustained.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$ 3 75
Pears, " "	2 50	@	17 50
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound	3	@	12
Quinces, per barrel	3 60	@	5 75
Citron, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 50	@	2 50
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 50
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 25	@	4 50
Parsnips, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	2 75
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	11 00
Barberries, per barrel	3 00	@	—
Squashes, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per 100	5 00	@	7 00
Corn, per 100 ears	37	@	50
Watermelons, per 100	4 50	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	50	@	1 75
Tomatoes, per bushel	31	@	43
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	2 25
Salad, per dozen heads	15	@	25
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@	18½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	13½	@	15½
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	62½	@	87½
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	62½	@	87½

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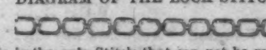

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